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At Odds With The Regent

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CHAPTER III.

A Little Lesson in Politics.

The Duc de Richelieu at that time occupied a magnificent hotel in the Rue des Saints Peres. The house, which had been pointed out to me as one of the sights of Paris, was in the form of a hollow square—a form which had become very popular for buildings of this kind—the open side of the square fronting the street and being closed by a high wall. Just back of the Hotel de Richelieu, on the Quai Malaquest, stood the famous Hotel de Bouillon, and next to it the equally famous Hotel de la Roche Sur Yon, the three together forming one of the most imposing and interesting quarters of the city, and one which I had had little hope of inspecting except from the outside.

Richelieu led the way along the quay at a rapid pace, seemingly absorbed in thought. I, also, had much to occupy my mind. There were two questions which vexed me and to which I could find no answer. How did Richelieu know I was from Poitiers, and what was the purpose of that curious assembly in the salon of Madame du Maine? I was still pondering on these, when we turned into the Rue des Saints Peres and stopped before a wall in which was a small postern.

"We will enter here," said Richelieu, and he took a key from his belt and opened the gate. We passed through, and he locked the gate carefully behind him.

The garden in which we found ourselves, and which I saw to be the great central court, was dark, and only a suspicion of light glimmered here and there through the closed shutters of the house. Richelieu led the way to a door in the west wing, which he opened as he had the gate, and also locked after we had entered. Then with a gesture commanding caution he passed along a hall and up a narrow stair, unlocked another door, and ushered me into a room where a candle was burning dimly on a table. By its light I could see that the room was of some size and richly furnished, and through an open doorway I caught a faint glimpse of other apartments beyond.

"There!" exclaimed Richelieu, with a sigh of relief, "we are safe," and he flung his cloak and hat into a corner and dropped into a chair, motioning me to do likewise. "As you doubtless know, it is sometimes desirable to be thought at home when one is really abroad, and that was the case this evening. No one saw me leave, no one saw me enter, hence I was here all the while and could have had no hand in whatever has happened in the mean time. But, man, are you wounded?" he asked, suddenly, observing, as I removed my cloak, the blood-stained handkerchief about my arm.

"Only a scratch, monsieur," I answered. "A little water and a clean rag will repair the damage."

He was on his feet in an instant, and in a few minutes the wound was washed and bound up, so that it gave me no further concern, and, indeed, need not again be mentioned.

"There will soon be need of long swords and strong arms such as yours," observed the duke, settling down again into his chair. "Here, drink this," and as he spoke he poured out a glass of wine from a bottle which stood on the table at his elbow. "'Twill do you good. I would not have anything hapen to impair that arm of yours, for, as I saw tonight, it knows how to weld a sword to some purpose. How time passes!" and he looked at me with an expression of kindly interest. "It seems hardly possible that you can be little Jean de Brancas, of Poitiers."

He smiled as he saw my eyes widen in questioning amazement.

"Ah, yes, I had forgotten," he said. "You do not yet know how I guessed you were from Poitiers. I will tell you a little story, which may explain it. Some six or seven years ago there was a boy who was in disgrace." He paused a moment and smiled to himself, as at the memory of some boyish prank. "So it was decided that he should be sent to the Chateau d'Oleron for a time, to get the sea air and incidentally to think over his sins. He set out from Paris in a great coach, with no companion but his tutor. In order that there might be no scandal the trip was to be made incognito. They had horrible weather, the rain falling incessantly, and by the time they reached Poitiers the Clain was swollen to a torrent. They were told that the river could still be forded a mile below the town, so they drove to the place pointed out to them and the coachman whipped the horses into the water. In a moment, as it seemed to the boy within, the horses were beyond their depth and the coach was lifted from the bottom and swept off down the stream. It seems that they had attempted to ford in the wrong place."

"Yes, yes," I murmured, "I begin to understand."

"Let me finish my story," and Richelieu stood beside me and placed his hand upon my shoulder. "The driver was so terrified that he dropped the reins. The tutor seemed paralyzed with fright. The boy was struggling vainly to open the door and get out of the carriage, when he heard a cry of encouragement, and looking through the window, he saw another boy, two or three years younger than himself. This boy was on a horse, which he was forcing through the water. In a moment he was at the head of one of the coach horses; he caught its bridle and turning his own horse across the stream, compelled the others to follow. Almost before those within realized his purpose the horses reached firm ground and pulled the coach out after them upon the other bank."

I would have spoken, but Richelieu silenced me with a gesture.

"The boy in the carriage opened the door and leaped out," he continued. "He ran to the other boy and caught his hand.

"'Twas bravely done!" he cried. 'I know no one else who would have dared it.'

"But the boy on horseback merely smiled.

"'It was a little thing to do,' he said, and the other boy noticed that he was plainly dressed.

"'But you shall be rewarded,' and he pulled his purse from his pocket.

"The boy on horseback grew very red and drew himself up proudly.

"'You mistake me, monsieur,' he said. 'I do not want your money.'

"The other boy grew red also at that and put back his purse.

"'And tell me your name,' he asked. 'I shall never forget your name.'

"And the boy on horseback smiled again.

"'My name is Jean de Brancas,' he said, and the other boy could see that he was proud of his name. And just then his tutor came and separated them, but as the coach drove away he leaned far out of the window and waved his hand to the other boy.

"'Good-bye, Jean!' he cried. 'We shall meet again some day, and then it will be my turn.'"

Richelieu paused for a moment, and I felt that my eyes were wet.

"So you see," he continued, "I had reason to be pleased this evening when I heard that it was Jean de Brancas to whom I had been of service, and whom I intend to keep by my side. For I was the boy in the coach, and I remember that ride through the river as though it had happened yesterday."

"And I shall remember it, M. le Duc," I said, "and the boy who sprang from the coach and who thanked me so prettily has been my beau ideal from then until this day. I questioned many people, but no one knew him. I have dreamed of him many times, and in my dreams it was always I who was at his right hand, aiding him to win a thousand battles, even as you aided me tonight."

"And that is where I would have you," cried Richelieu, "and where you shall be henceforth."

We were both more moved than we cared to show, for the memory of that boyish exploit was sweet to both of us, and a little silence followed. It was Richelieu who broke it.

"There are many things afoot in Paris," he said, in a graver tone, and looking at me keenly. "But before I go further tell me, are you for the regent, or against him?"

"I am neither for nor against the regent," I answered promptly. "I am for the king."

"A wise answer," and Richelieu smiled. "One that commits you to nothing. But come, you may be frank with me. What do you think of the Duke of Orleans?

"The Duke of Orleans is quite indifferent to me," I answered, readily enough. "I have heard little about him, and none of that was to his credit."

"Well spoken!" cried Richelieu, heartily. "I see you will be with us. Come, I will trust you with a secret, but first permit me to give you a little lesson in politics. You say you know little about the regent. Let me tell you something about him."

Now, I was not quite so ignorant of passing events as Richelieu seemed to think, yet I deemed it wise to keep my counsel and to hear these things as for the first time.

"Philip, Duke of Oleans," continued Richelieu, "is not rightfully regent of France. Louis the Great's will provided explicitly that there should be a council of regency during the king's minority, in which Orleans shou'd have only one vote. The real power was given to Louis' son, the Duke of Maine, but he stood idly by and permitted Orleans to take up the regency almost unchallenged."

"The more fool he," I ejaculated, involuntarily.

'Right. The more fool he. But it is not for him we are going to fight. At least, not directly. He is busy making a collection of snuff boxes at Sceaux, and does not even know there is anything afoot. It is for the Duchess du Maine. Ah, there is a woman! Not beautiful, perhaps, but charming, and, what a spirit! Orleans has not only assumed the regency, he has also deprived the Duke du Maine of his right to succeed to the throne. Again you say, that is his affair. True, but let us not forget the duchess. Do you know what she did when she heard of that decree? She was compelled to give up one of her apartments in the Tuileries in consequence, but before leaving she smashed every article of furniture in the room, and had to be carried away like a wounded general from a battlefield where he had won a great victoay. Mlle. de Launay told me it was magnificent. In addition to all this, most of us have some little private quarrel to settle with the regent, and will welcome this opportunity to abuse him. Well, what we propose to do is take the regency away from Philip of Orleans and to give it to Philip of Spain."

"Philip of Spain!" I cried.

"Yes, Philip of Spain. Who has a better right? He is the king's uncle, the next in succession to the throne. And what is Orleans? He allows Dubois to manage the state while he spends his time with his mistresses at the back of the Louvre, there," and Richelieu paused from sheer lack of breath.

"That may be," I managed to say, "but what chance of success can there be?"

"Every chance," cried the duke, rising from his chair and pacing excitedly up and down the room. "All Brittany is with us, and will rise to our support so soon as we choose to give the word. Half the nobility of the kingdom, whom Orleans has neglected no opportunity to insult, is with us. Alberoni, Philip's prime minister, has collected troops. They will soon be at the frontier ready to invade France and depose the monstrous thing that governs it. Cellamare, Spain's ambassador at Versailles, has all the threads in his fingers and is almost ready to strike. The train is laid and all that awaits is to apply the match. That will soon be done, and you will see Orleans tottering from the throne."

"But does he not suspect?" I asked.

"Ah, that is the only thing," and the light suddenly left Richelieu's face. "Sometimes I think he does, sometimes I believe he does not. It is not Orleans himself I fear. He pays little heed to what is going on. But Dubois and Herault—that is another story. They have the police well organized. There are spies everywhere, and once or twice recently I have fancied I was followed, but that may have been for another reason. Indeed, the regent has no cause to love me."

"And what is your part in this conspiracy, monsieur?" I questioned, for I felt that there was still something left untold.

"Ah, my part," said Richelieu, his brow clouding still more. "Well, I will tell you, as I this evening told Madame du Maine. My part is to see that my regiment does not resist the Spanish army, but surrenders and opens to it the gates of Bayonne, the city where it is stationed, just at the foot of the Pyrenees."

"But this is treason," I cried, astounded at this disclosure.

"Treason to the regent, perhaps," answered the duke calmly, "but not to the king."

So this was the victory the duchess had won! Well, she had reason to be proud of it. And as I sat, too bewildered to say more, there came a tap at the door, and Richelieu arose and opened it.

"Ah, Jacques," he said to the man who stood bowing on the threshold, and who permitted none of his astonishment at seeing me to appear in his face, "what is it?"

"A note, M. le Duc, delivered but a moment ago," and he held out a tiny missive. Richelieu seized it, eagerly scanned the address, and tore it open with a hand trembling with excitement. He read its contents at a glance and his eyes were dancing with joy as he raised them to mine.

"You may go, Jacques," he said to the lacquey; "I shall not forget your promptness;" and then turning to me as the door closed, "Do you know what this means, de Brancas? It means success in another affair dearer to my heart than this conspiracy of Cellamare. Ah, the work that I have done to secure this one little note—the servants I have bribed, the women I have cajoled, the disguises I have assumed! And here at last is victory, for this says, 'Be at the dryad fountain in the Palais Royal gardens at 10 o'clock tomorrow night.'"

"A rendezvous?" I asked.

"Yes, a rendezvous. But you could not guess with whom were you to guess forever. Who do you think will be at the dryad fountain waiting for me at 10 o'clock tomorrow evening? Who but Charlotte d'Orleans, Mlle. de Valois!"

Mlle. de Valois!" I gasped. "The daughter of the regent! Why, man, you must be mad," and I gazed in astonishment at this youth of 22, who while plotting against the father dared make love to the daughter.

"If you but saw her, de Brancas," cried the duke, "you would say I was far from mad. I fell in love with her the first time her eyes met mine. That was at a ball given a month ago for the Duchess de Lorraine, when the regent was celebrating her visit to Paris. You have never seen such eyes, de Brancas. We rave over Madame du Maine's eyes—you have seen them and know how wonderful they are—but they fade as the stars fade at sunrise when Charlotte d'Orleans appears. No, 'tis not a lover's rhapsody," he added, seeing me smile; "there are none in the kingdom to compare with them. Were this not so I should not so readily have fallen victim, for I have gazed into many and without a quickening of the pulse."

He stopped to read through the note again, and as he folded it and placed it tenderly in his pocket I saw he was in earnest. Indeed, the eyes must needs be beautiful which could so move the heart of this seasoned courtier.

"But the regent," I said, at last, "the regent. What thinks he of all this? I had not thought him a friend of yours."

"A friend of mine!" cried Richelieu. "De Brancas, if there is one person in Paris whom he detests above all others, it is myself."

"But then," I began, and stopped. I had not wish to seem too curious.

"But then," said Richelieu, pausing in his walk up and down the room. "Go on, de Brancas. What would you say?"

"Then he does not know?" I asked. "You have met with obstacles?"

"Obstacles!" and Richelieu smiled at me with triumphant face. "Yes—such as most men would falter at. Imagine wooing a woman with whom you can never speak—who is kept from you as from the plague! Ah, there was a problem, and one of the sort I love to solve. Why, de Brancas, if her father suspected that I had in my pocket a note from his daughter, he would have me back in a trice in my old cell at the Bastille."

He paused a moment and touched the note with trembling fingers.

"No, I could never exchange a word with her," he went on, at last, "but I made progress, nevertheless. Gold will work many miracles. Every morning she found a note in a bouquet of flowers—on her writing desk, on her dressing table, on her embroidery frame. Ah, how I cudgelled my poor brain in writing those notes, pleading, passionate, despairing by turns! At every ball, every concert, every fete where she was like to be, there was I, and if I could not use my lips, at least I could use my eyes. She looked at me first indifferently, then curiously, then shyly—and last night at the opera she blushed when her eyes met mine, and I knew the battle won. Tomorrow night I can speak to her. Ah, how I shall make her love me!"

Well, he was worth loving. My eyes blur with tears, even yet as I see him again standing there, so glad, so straight, so gallant, and I think of what came after. If I were a woman, I know I should have loved him heart and soul. Even as a man, 'tis little less than that.

"In affairs of the heart, as in affairs of state, my sword is at the service of M. le Duc," I said, no little moved, and again we struck hands upon our compact, in which, I could not but think, it was I who must reap the most advantage. For of what service could the sword or an unknown youth of twenty be to Richelieu? And yet, as I was soon to learn, even a humble sword when backed by a loyal heart may be of service to the greatest.

Jacques was called and told to show me my apartment. What a contrast it was to that den under the gutters in the Rue Bailleul! Richelieu declared he would not part with me, and with some reluctance I gave Jacques the address of my former lodging, that he might bring away my wardrobe. That done, I was soon abed, turned to the wall, and slept a sleep infinitely sweetened by this sudden change in my circumstances.

CHAPTER IV

A Duel at Mid-Day.

I awoke betimes the next morning, but did not immediately arise. In fact, I welcomed the opportunity to thoroughly review my position and decide how best to steer my course. Here, then, was I, Jean de Brancas, poor in everything but spirit, who, the day before, had been tramping the streets of Paris friendless and well-nigh penniless, and who had even thought of the Seine as a last place of refuge. Since then, by the merest good fortune, which I had done little to merit, I had gained the friendship of Richelieu, the man in all the kingdom whom I most admired. I had been given entrance, if not to the society of Sceaux, at least to the Paris salon of Madame du Maine. I had met Mlle. de Launay, copies of whose witty letters had found their way even to Poitiers, where I had read them until I knew them by rote. I had been admitted to the secret of the Cellamare conspiracy, and this, I confess, rather stuck in my throat. Open combat and the bright flash of swords I would have welcomed gladly, but I had small relish for intrigue and conspiracy and the considerations which sometimes make it necessary to stab in the dark. And, in truth, I had little hope that the conspiracy would succeed, for it seemed founded on selfishness, and the French nation would forget its hostility to the regent once a Spanish army was on its soil. Yet it mattered not to me who was regent, Philip of Orleans or Philip of Spain, and I reflected that even if Richelieu fell, he would not fall far. He had shown me kindness and good will, and these I was determined to repay as best I could. At worst, I could lose nothing but my life, and the prize was worth the risk.

It was late when I arose, but Richelieu had not yet appeared, and I descended into the court, attracted by the busy life which I saw there. An army of servants was running hither and thither, grooming and exercising horses, cleaning harness, polishing the gilding on half a dozen coaches, sprinkling clean, white sand along the walks, sweeping and dusting the wide entrance, and doing a hundred other things which attested the care and attention given to every detail of the management of this great house. At one side of the court I was surprised to see standing a coach to which two horses were harnessed. The driver was on the box, and the equipage was apparently ready to take the road at a moment's notice.

"Does M. le Duc go abroad this morning?" I asked of a man who was standing near.

"I really do not know, monsieur," he answered, politely.

"For whom, then, is the coach waiting?" and I indicated it with a gesture.

He glanced at me in surprise.

"Monsieur must be new to the hotel," he said. "Whenever M. le Duc is at home a carriage is kept waiting in the court, in case he might have use for it."

I turned away with a new understanding of the character and resources of the remarkable man whose guest I was, and returned slowly to the great reception-hall, where Jacques was awaiting me. Richelieu himself appeared soon after, and I was relieved to find that his manner preserved the hearty cordiality of the night before. I had been half afraid—though I would not admit it even to myself—that the morning might in some way bring disillusion with it and send toppling the pretty castles which I had been building in the air. Breakfast was soon served. We lingered over the meal, during which I gave the duke a little history of my family, and noon was striking as we left the house.

"We go to the Cafe Procope," said Richelieu. "It is in a new style which is becoming very popular, and I fancy we shall find some one there who can tell us the news of the court."

We entered the carriage which was in waiting, drove out through the central gate, the army of lacqueys bowing on either side, and across Paris towards the Rue Saint Germain-des-Pres, where the cafe stood, and which it bade fair to render one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. The cafe had, as the duke said, inaugurated a new style, and there was only one other in Paris at the time, the Cafe de la Reeence, whose name was sufficient to itself to keep my companion away from it.

A drive of ten minutes brought us to the suburb where the cafe stood, and the throng of carriages before the door told of the crowd within. A perfect babel greeted us as we entered, for it had become the fashion for each person to do his best to out-talk his neighbors. We found with some difficulty an unoccupied table, and Richelieu motioned me to a seat while he took the one opposite.

"There is no coffee made in Paris which compares with that served here," he remarked, and as he summoned a waiter I looked about me. The room was large, and was rendered even larger in appearance by the numerous richly-carved mirrors which embellished the walls. Through an open doorway at the back came the click of dice and much loud laughter. Gayly attired parties were continually entering and leaving the private cabinets, and trills of feminine laughter mingled with the harsher voices of the men.

"Ah, de Rey," cried Richelieu at that moment to a gentleman sitting at the next table. "Mlle. de Lunay was telling us a clever story at your expense last night."

"And what was it, may I ask?" questioned de Rey, a tall, black-moustachioed man, whom I thought ungainly.

"She accuses you of fickleness in your love affairs," replied the duke, and he related the geometrical sally.

"What would you have, monsieur?" cried de Rey, as the story was finished, laughingly as heartily as any one. "A man never knows today whom he will meet tomorrow, and not knowing that, how can he be certain whom he will love?"

While he was speaking three men had entered and taken seats at a neighboring table. They commenced conversing in voices which seemed to me unnecessarily loud, and I could not avoid overhearing them.

"Have you heard," one of them asked, "of the disposition the regent is to make of his daughter, Mlle. de Valois?"

I glanced at Richelieu and saw that he also had heard. His face was white with anger, and I saw he knew the men and did not doubt that they had come there purposely to insult him.

"Proposals for her hand have been received from the King of Sardinia," continued the speaker, "and the regent is only too glad to get rid of the fair Charlotte. She seems destined to become even more troublesome than Madame du Berri," and the speaker laughed, with an insolent note in his voice, and glanced meaningly in our direction. A sudden stillness had fallen upon the crowd.

"By my word," cried the other, looking full at Richelieu, "'twill be bad news to a certain gentleman whose name begins with R. and who, I have heard, has been dying of love for the Valois this month past."

The duke was out of his chair in an instant, but I was before him.

"Monsieur will doubtless give me the pleasure of a moment's conversation outside?" I inquired, courteously.

"And who the devil may you be?" he asked, in an insolent tone.

"Perhaps this will tell you," I cried, red with anger at the insult, and I struck him fairly in the mouth with my open hand.

He leaped from his chair and drew his sword with a furious gesture, nor did mine linger in its sheath. Tables were overturned, chairs were thrown aside, and our swords had already engaged, when a little fat man, with prodigiously long moustachios, came running up.

"Not in here, messieurs! Not in here, I beg of you!" he cried, wringing his hands. "It would ruin my business should those devils of Herault ever hear of it." I remembered that Herault was lieutenant of police.

"He is right," I said, dropping by point. "Let us adjourn to the street, monsieur. There, at least, we shall injure no one but ourselves."

We had already commenced the combat, and I admit that I took my chance in lowering my guard, but I was not prepared for the act of cowardice which followed. For before I could recover myself I felt rather than saw my antagonist thrust at me, and I involuntarily closed my eyes as I waited to feel his sword in my flesh. But at that instant there came a ringing clash of steel on steel, and I opened my eyes to see the scoundrel's weapon flying over the heads of the spectators.

"Ah, de Gare," cried Richelieu, for it was he who had disarmed him, "and yet you dare associate with gentlemen! If I gave you your deserts I would run you through where you stand. But I prefer killing you with your sword in your hand, so follow me to the street and we will finish this argument. Stand back, de Brancas," he continued to me, as I attempted to interfere. "This is my quarrel. It was I whom they insulted."

The Comte de Gare, foaming with rage, picked up his sword and followed to the street. The sentiment of the crowd was plainly with Richelieu, and a moment later when I looked about for de Gare's companions they had disappeared. A ring of curious spectators formed around the two men, and their swords were ringing together in an instant. Before a moment passed I saw that de Gare had found his master. He realized it, too, and his face went from red to white as he felt the duke's iron wrist and saw the implacable purpose in his eyes. Plainly it was only the question of a few moments. The duke was playing with him, parrying almost carelessly his savage thrusts, and advancing his own point nearer and nearer to his heart. The onlookers waited with bated breath for the thrust which they knew would be fatal.

"You shall see, gentlemen," cried Richelieu, gayly, for his self-possession had returned the instant he felt his adversary's sword against his own, "the proper way to deal with cowards. This fellow has presumed to be seen in the company of gentlemen, and I am glad that it was reserved for my sword to punish him. Ah, you break!" he cried again, for the other had given back a step. I, who was standing at the duke's side, saw a kind of ferocity spring to life in de Gare's eyes, and I noticed that his left hand was no longer behind him, but was concealed in the folds of his doublet. Something, I know not what, made me suspect the man.

"Be on guard, monsieur!" I cried to Richelieu, "he means some treachery," and even as I spoke he drew forth his hand and threw a poniard full at Richelieu's heart. At the same instant, comprehending de Gare's purpose, I pushed Richelieu to one side. I felt a sharp, hot pain in my right shoulder, and knew that the dagger had wounded me. With a terrible cry Richelieu sprang forward, and fairly beating down his guard, plunged his sword to the hilt in his breast. De Gare made a desperate effort to keep his feet, grasped the sword, drew it from the wound, and fell to the street, the blood gushing forth in a torrent. He breathed convulsively once or twice, with the crowd looking down upon him, his eyes glazed, a shudder ran through his body, and he was dead.

"Thus perish all cowards," said Richelieu. And then, turning to me, "You saved my life, de Brancas. 'Twas a brave act."

"No more than you have twice done for me, monsieur," I answered. "I have only half paid my debt."

"But you are wounded!" he cried, seeing that I held my handkerchief to my shoulder and that it was red with blood. "The dagger struck you, then? Let me see how serious it is," and he was tearing the doublet away from my shoulder ere I had time to protest.

"'Tis only a flesh wound, monsieur," I said. "Pray do not trouble about it."

"Trouble about it, indeed. Come in here with me," and he dragged rather than led into the cafe again. "Come, Maitre Delorme," he cried to the proprietor, who was still wringing his hands and bewailing the destruction of his glasses, "bring me water and clean linen, and be quick about it. Ah, here is one who will know how to dress the wound," he added, as a tall, clean-shaven man, dressed severely in black, pushed his way through the crowd. "Upon my word, Levau, you come in the nick of time. I have a patient for you," and he turned me over to the famous surgeon.

The latter in a moment had examined the wound, with puckered brow, washed it in clean water, spread some cooling lotion upon it, which he took from a case he carried in his pocket, and securely bandaged it. Not till then did he deign to speak.

"A mere nothing," he said "for a man who has good blood in his veins, as my friends here has. A little soreness for a week, perhaps, a stiffness for a fortnight, and then only a memory."

"Indeed, I am wondrous pleased to hear it," said Richelieu, shaking his hand warmly, and leaving a gold piece in it, I do not doubt. "But what have we here?" and he turned towards the door, whence came a sudden commotion.

"For the king!" cried a voice. "For the king! Make way, messieurs."

"The regent!" exclaimed some one, and then a strange stillness fell upon the place, save for Richelieu, who hummed one of Lulli's gay airs.

The crowd parted to right and left, and I saw advancing towards us a large, heavy-set man, with red face and eyes which seemed to run one through.

"Who hath done this?" he cried. "Who hath killed the Comte de Gare, one of my faithful friends?"

"To me belongs the honor, monsieur," said Richelieu, in a cool voice, but bowing low. "I regret to learn he was a friend of yours, for he was a coward and a villain, and deserved to die by the rope, not by the sword like a gentleman."

(To Be Continued.)

Comet and Earth Will Not Collide

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Coming from a distance 500,000,000 miles greater than that of the most remote planet, and returning from an absence of 75 years, it now devolves upon us to trace the movements of that great comet, already discovered in our sky, and soon to be seen for months by every one who has eyes. It is true that the comet's motions are followed only in our own immediate vicinity. But the curve which it makes while within our view proves the curve that it must make when beyond, so that we are able to track the monster as if we saw it every day.

We need first to understand the arrangement of the members of the solar system, to which both the comet and the earth belong. At the center is the sun; round about this body, in concentric paths, revolve eight planets. These, in the order of their distance from the sun, are as follows: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune. Between Mars and Jupiter there is a swarm of little worlds, known as asteroids, not less that 650 in number.

The first four planets named are small. The other four are large. Those nearest the sun travel most swiftly; those farthest the most slowly. Mercury is seldom seen, because so close to the sun as usually to be lost in the bright rays. Venus is the brightest star in the heavens, and the nearest to the earth. Mars is the world suspected of being inhabited, because of its "canals." Jupiter is our largest planet, Saturn is the wonderful world girdled with rings. Uranus and Neptune are not seen except with the telescope. These planets shine only with the sun's reflected light. All other stars are suns.

The planets travel not perfect circles, but ellipses, a little longer one way than the other; and, not in the center, but at one of the two foci of each ellipse, nearer one end than the other, the sun is found. A periodical comet also travels an ellipse, but much more flattened or eccentric, so that its path may run nearer the sun in one direction, and farther back into space in the other, than that of any planet.

As Halley's comet is usually about 75 years in making its complete orbit, it is 37½ years traveling back to the sun from its most distant point, known as "aphelion." Though it comes from a much greater distance than Neptune, it makes no approach to that planet, its path bearing off by quite an angle. Hence, as it draws near, we do not need to think of it as passing any planet before Jupiter. But, as it approaches the sun, it also rises to that general plane on which all the planets travel, so that, when calculations show that it crossed Jupiter's path about March 15, 1909, we are interested to know it. The two bodies were then distant from the sun about 480,000,000 miles. There was then a wide space to cover, and an immense number of asteroids to pass; but, as an ocean liner avoids the fishing fleet off the coast of Newfoundland, so the comet steers to one side and runs no risk of collision.

And now the comet is in sight. By March 11 it is due to cross the path of the earth. It dashes across the orbit of Venus about April 1, and on

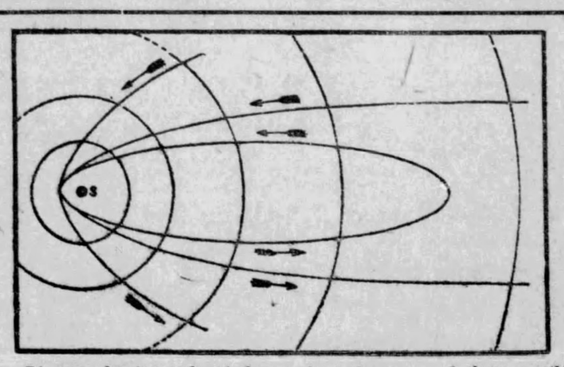


Diagram showing paths of planets about the sun, and three possible curves taken by comets, namely, outer, Hyperbola; middle, Parabola; inner, Ellipse; the latter alone closed, resulting in periodical return of a comet.

April 19 is at "perihelion," its nearest to the sun, swinging about that body at a distance of 66,000,000 miles therefrom, and moving at top speed.

Now begins its retreat back into space. About May 10 it is again crossing Venus' path, and the 26th of May the earth's. Mars' orbit is recrossed about the seventh of July, and Jupiter's a year later. The comet will then be regarded as past history, for it will have gone from view, both telescope and camera failing to report anything further. But so exact are the operations of mathematics that, on any day and at any hour a skilled astronomer can tell just where the comet is, how fast it is going, and how near it is to the sun or the nearest planet.

At its last visit to our sky, the comet was visible from August 5, 1835, to May 5, 1836, a period of no less than nine months. It is for some such length of time that mankind will again look upon this stupendous spectacle. Only we must remember that, with the telescopes, some are already enjoying what the rest must see for a briefer time with the naked eye. For months, however, everyone will be favored. For a comet is not like a meteor, flashing and expiring; nor like an eclipse, a matter of very few minutes or hours, and visible only in certain quarters of the earth. It is rather a visitor that has come for quite a sojourn, giving every human eye, the world over, the opportunity not only to witness one of the most marvelous apparitions of the heavens, but to watch and study it in all its details.

It is supposed that all comets come from a distance and were originally visitors. Where they came from and how they came to be no one knows. Coursing through space, a comet comes within the sphere of our sun's attraction, turns out of its course to salute the sovereign of solar system, swings about that body and flies back into space. Commonly its path is found to be either an hyperbola or a parabola, each an open curve, the two sides, in the case of the former, constantly diverging; in the case of the latter constantly approaching parallel lines, but in neither case completing the curve. Such a comet will never return.

But a comet, entering the solar system on such a curve, must "step lively" or have its curve altered. If, at the earth's distance of 93,000,000 miles from the sun, the comet be coursing more swiftly than 26 miles a second, it will keep to his hyperbola or parabola, and never return. But, if it drop below that speed, under the influence of the new forces encountered in our solar system it will be tied up in an ellipse. This latter path may be described as a compressed or elongated circle.

It is in this way that comets are actually made prisoners by our planets, and made to conform to the unending treadmill of the ellipse, instead of roaming the universe in the broad liberty of the hyperbola or parabola. Drawn in by the attracting power of the sun, they not infrequently have to pass near one or more of the planets enroute. The attraction of the planet then slows down the comet's speed below the fatal mark of 26 miles a second at the earth's distance, and henceforth the comet is ours. The closed path of the ellipse will bring it back periodically whether, like Encke's comet, it be in three and one-half years; like the present visitor, Halley's comet, in 75 years, or, like Donati's comet of 1858, in 2,000 years, Neptune, our most distant planet, is believed thus to have captured Halley's and

Comparative Magnitudes of the Earth and Jupiter.

(Jupiter is credited with capturing more comets than all the other planets put together.)

five others, Uranus three, Saturn two and Jupiter about 30, because of its great size and power and the greater nearness of the comets' orbits to its own.

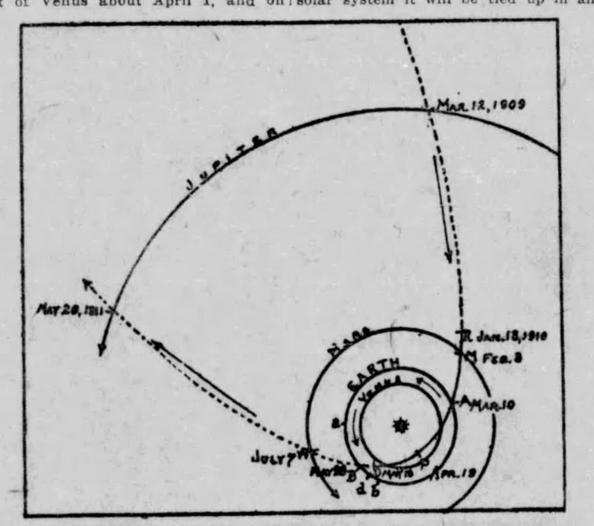
But there is every probability that a comet will lay its orbit in a plane different from that of our earth. So it is with Halley's comet, whose orbit is inclined 18 degrees to the ecliptic. Only as it draws near the earth and the sun does it cut our plane. Backward in space the paths constantly diverge, until, where the comet may be said to be passing Neptune, it is no less than 750,000,000 miles from the planet—so far that it would feel its attraction less than that of Mars and the earth in passing them. On this account it is with difficulty that we believe that Neptune captured it, unless its path has been subsequently altered. It is on this theory, however, that so great an authority as M. Flammarion, the French astronomer, bases his argument for another planet beyond Neptune, inasmuch as the course of the comet of 1862 seems to demand such a planet to account for its presence in the solar system as a periodical comet.

Could we ride the comet, then, approaching the sun nearer than Venus, the orb of day would appear four times its size as seen in the earth's sky; but, retreating to a distance 500,000,000 miles farther than that of the most remote known planet of our system, it would appear only as an inconsiderable star, whose light would require five hours to travel the intervening space, instead of the eight and one-half minutes required to reach the earth. Light from the sun, then, at 6 a. m. we should not enjoy till 11 in the morning; at 6 p. m. we should still see the sun-star shining on till 11 at night. An electric message between the comet and the earth would at the same time require about as many hours for its transmission, regardless of the usual delays in office and delivery.

When the comet is sighted it is seen in the direction of certain stars, and appears to be actually among them. It is, however, countless millions of miles nearer than they. Thus the comet's light now comes in only a fraction of an hour because of its proximity; but Sirius, brightest of all stars, requires eight and one-half years for its light to travel to the earth.

The camera and telescope have already found it; every good eye will now make it out, and in May it will be sweeping its broad tail across the heavens, grand and awe-inspiring.

FREDERIC CAMPBELL.



Broken line is below plane of ecliptic, or earth's level; continuous line is above the same. R, point where comet rises above plane of ecliptic. M, crosses path of planet Mars. A, crosses earth's path overhead, while earth is at a. (Earth passed A, October 19.) P, perihelion, nearest point to sun, and greatest speed. D, drops below plane of ecliptic; transit across sun's face; earth in tail at d. B, crosses earth's path underneath, while earth is at b. (Earth passes B, May 7.) W, crosses Mars' path again.

The Lure of the Mask

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XXI.

An Invitation to a Ball.

In the Villa Ariadne the wonderful fountain by Donatello was encircled by a deep basin in which many generations of goldfish swam about. Only the old gardener knew the secret of how these fish lived through the chill Florentine winters. Yet, every spring, about the time when the tourists began to prowl round, the little goldfish were to be seen again, ready for breadcrumbs and bugs of suicidal tendencies. Forming a kind of triangle about the basin were three ancient marble benches, such as the amiable old Roman senators were wont to lounge upon during the heat of the afternoon, or such as Catullus reclined upon while reading his latest lyric to his latest affinity. At any rate, they were very old, earth-stained and time-stained and full of unutterable history, and with the eternal cold touch of stone which never wholly warms even under warmest sun. The kind of bench which Alma-Tadema usually fills with diaphanous maidens.

At this particular time a maiden, not at all diaphanous, but mentally and physically material, sat on one of these benches, her arms thrown out on either side of the crumbling back, her chin lowered, and her eyes thoughtfully directed toward the little circles of disturbed water where the goldfish were urging for the next crumb. Now, as Phoebus was somewhere near four in the afternoon, he was growing ruddy with effort in the final spurt for the western horizon. So the marbles and the fountain and the water and the maiden all melted into a harmonious golden tone.

Merrihew was not so poetical as to permit this picture to go on indefinitely; so he stole up from behind with all the care of a practiced hunter till he stood directly behind the maiden. She still dreamed. Then he put his hands over her eyes. She struggled for a brief moment, then desisted.

"It is no puzzle at all," she declared. "I can smell horse, horse, and again horse. Mr. Merrihew—"

"Yes, I know all about it. I should have fetched along a sachet-powder. I never remember anything but one thing, Kitty, and that's you." He came round and sat down beside her. "There's no doubt that I reek of the animal. But the real question is," bluntly, "how much longer are you going to keep me dangling on the string? I've been coming up here for ten days, now, every afternoon."

"Ten days," Kitty murmured. She was more than pretty today, and there was malice aforethought in all the little ribbons and trinkets and furbelows. She had dressed expressly for this moment, but Merrihew was not going to be told so. "Ten days," she repeated, and mentally she recounted the pleasant little journeys into the hills and the cherry-pickings.

"And dangling, dangling. I've been hanging in mid-air for nearly a year now. When are you going to put me out of my misery?" His tone was chiding and moody.

"But am I to be blamed if, after having refused twice to marry you, you still persist?" Kitty assumed a judicial air.

"All you have to do," sadly, "is to tell me to clear out."

"That's just it," cried Kitty wrathfully. "If I tell you to go it will be for good; and I don't want you to go that way. I like you; you are cheerful and amusing, and I find pleasure in your company. But every day in the year, breakfast and dinner!" She appealed to the god in the fountain. What unreasonable beings men were!

"But you haven't refused me this time."

"Because I wish to make it as easy as possible for you." Which of the two meanings she offered him was lost upon Merrihew; he saw but one, near the covert glance, roguish and mischievous withal. "Come, let us be sensible for ten minutes."

Merrihew laid his watch on the bench beside him. Kitty dimpled.

"Don't you love it in Florence?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," scraping the gravel with his crop. "Hilliard says I'm finishing my bally education at a canter. I can tell a saint from a gentleman in a night-gown, a halo from a barrel-hoop, and I can drink Chianti without making a face."

Kitty laughed rollickinly. For beneath her furbelows and ribbons and trinkets she was inordinately happy and light of heart. Her letter had come; she was only waiting for the day of sailing; and she was to take back with her the memory of the rarest adventure which ever befell a person, always excepting those of the peripatetic sailor from Bagdad.

"I want to go home," said Merrihew, when her laughter died away in a soft mutter.

"What! leave this beautiful world for the sordid one yonder?"

"Sordid it may be, but it's home. I can speak to and understand every man I meet on the streets there; there are the theatres and the club and the hunting and fishing and all that. Here it's nothing but pictures and concierges and lying cabbies. If I could collect all my friends and plant 'em over here, why, I could stand it. But I'm lonesome. Did you ever try to spread frozen butter on hot biscuits? Well, that's the way I feel."

This metaphor brought tears of merriment to Kitty's eyes. She would have laughed at anything this day.

"Daniel, you are hopeless."

"I admit it."

"How beautiful the cypresses are in the sunshine!" she exclaimed, standing.

He reached out and caught her hand, gently pulling her down to the bench.

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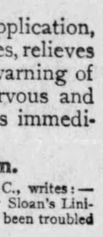

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you with all my heart. I know. You're afraid; you've an idea that I am fickle. But not this time, Kitty, not this time. Will you?"

"I can not give up the stage." She knew very well that she could, but she had an idea.

"I don't ask even that. I'll travel with you and make myself useful."

"You would soon tire of that." But Kitty eyed him with a kindly look. He was good to look at. Kitty was like the timid bather; she knew that she was going to take the plunge, but she must put one foot into the water, withdraw it, shudder, and try it again.

"Tire?" said Merrihew. "If I did I shouldn't let you know it. I'm a homeless beggar, anyhow; I've always been living in boarding houses and clubs and hotels; it won't matter so long as you are with me."

Kitty threw a crust to the goldfish and watched them swirl around it greedily. Merrihew had no eyes but for her. Impulsively he held out his hand. Kitty looked at it with thought; this would be the final plunge. Then, without further hesitance, indifferent to the future or the past, conscious only of the vast happiness of the present, Kitty laid her hand in his. He would have drawn her into his arms had not they both seen O'Mally pushing through the box-hedge, followed by some belated tourists. Merrihew swore softly and Kitty laughed.

On the terrace the tea-table dazzled the eye with its spotless linen, its blue Canton, and it bundle of pink roses. Hillard extended his cup for a second filling, vaguely wondering where Merrihew was. They had threshed continental politics, engineering, art and the relative crafts, precious stones, astronomy and the applied sciences, music, horses and geology, with long pauses in between. Both knew instinctively that this learned discourse was but a makeshift, a circuitous route past danger-points.

"Have you ever heard of telling fortunes in tea-grounds?" he asked.

"Yes. It is a pleasant fallacy, and nothing ever comes true." And La Signorina vaguely wondered where Kitty was. She needed Kitty at this moment, she who had never needed anybody.

The tramp of feet beyond the wall diverted them for a space. A troop of marksmen from the range were returning cityward. They were dirty and tired, yet none seemed discontented with his lot. They passed in a haze of dust.

The man and woman resumed their chairs, and Hillard bent his head over the cup and stared at the circling tea-grounds in the bottom. The movement gave her the opportunity she desired; to look freely and without let at his shapely head. Day after day, serene and cloudless Florentine days, this same scene or its like had been nacted. It took all her verbal skill to play the game safely; a hundred times she saw something

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in his eyes that warned her and armed her. When he passed that evening on horseback she knew that these things were to be. She had two battles where he had only one; for she had herself to war against. Each night after he had gone she fought with innocent desire; argument after argument she offered in defense. But these were all useless; she must send him away. And yet, when he came, as she knew he would, she offered him tea! And in rebellion she asked, Why not? What harm, what evil? Was it absolutely necessary that she should let all pleasure pass, thrust it aside? The suffering she had known, would not that be sufficient penance for this little sin? But on his side, was this being fair to him? This man loved her, and she knew it. Up to this time he had met her but twice, and yet he loved her, incredible as it seemed. And though he never spoke of this love with his lips, he was always speaking it with his eyes, and she was always looking into his eyes.

She never looked into her own heart; wisely she never gave rein to self-analysis; she dared not. And so she drifted on, as in some sunny dream of remote end.

How inexplicable were the currents and cross-currents of life! She had a thousand men, handsomer, more brilliant; they had not awakened more than normal interest. And yet this man, quiet, humorous, ordinarily good looking, aroused in her heart discord and penetrated the barriers to the guarded sentiment. Why? Always this query. Perhaps, after all, it was simply the initial romance which made the impression so lasting. Ah, well; tomorrow or the next day the end would come; so it did not matter.

There was one bit of light in this labyrinth; Worth had cpoken; that disagreeable incident was closed. And this present dream, upon what reef would it carry her? She shrugged. This action brought Hillard back to earth, for he, too, had been dreaming. He raised his head.

"Why did you do that?" he asked.

"Do what?"

"Shrug."

"Did I shrug? I did so unconsciously. Perhaps I was thinking of O'Mally and his flock of tourists."

"Doesn't it annoy you?"

"Not in the least. It has been a fine comedy. I believe he is the most accomplished prevaricator I ever met. He remembers the lie of yesterday and keeps adding to it. I don't see how he manages to do it. He is better than Pietro. Pietro using to bring them into the house." She gathered up a handful of the roses and pressed them against her face, breathing deeply.

Hillard trembled. She was so beautiful; the glow of the roses on her cheeks and throat, the sun in her hair, and the shadows in her eyes. To smother the rush of words which were gathering at his lips, he raised his cup and drank. Ten days! It was something. But the battle was wearing; the ceaseless struggle not to speak from his full heart was weakening him. Yet he knew that to speak was to banish the dream, himself to be banished with it.

"If I were a poet, which I am not—" He paused irresolutely.

"You would extemporize on the beauty of the perspective," she supplemented. "How the Duomo shines! And the towers, and the Arno—"

"I was thinking of your hair," he interrupted. "I have never seen anythink quite like it. It isn't a wig, is it?" jestingly.

"No, it is my own," with an answering smile.

"Ah, that night! It is true, as you said; it is impossible to forget the charm of it."

She had recourse to the roses again. Dangerous ground.

"You have not told me the real reason why you sang under my window that night."

"Have I not? Well, then, there can be no harm in telling you that. I had just signed the contract to sing with the American Comic Opera Company in Europe. I saw the world at my feet, for it would be false modesty to deny that I have a voice. More disillusions! The world is not at my feet," lightly.

"But I am," he replied quietly.

She passed this declaration. "I might have more successfully applied to the grand opera in New York; but my ambition was to sing here first.

"But in comic opera?"

"Another blunder, common of its kind to me. Have I not told you that I am always making misteps such as have no retracing?"

"Will you answer a single question?" She stroked the roses.

"Will you?"

"I can make no promise. Rather ask the question. If I see the wisdom of answering it, I shall do so."

"Is there another man?" He did not look at her but rather at her fingers embedded in the roses.

Silence, which grew and lengthened.

"What do you mean?" she asked evenly, when she realized that the silence was becoming too long.

"In Venice you told me that there was a barrier. I ask now if this barrier be a man."

"Yes."

A wrinkle of pain passed over his heart. "If you love him—"

"Love him? No, no! . I had hoped you would not speak like this; I relied upon your honor."

"Is it dishonorable for me to love you?"

"No, but it is for me—to permit you to say so!"

He could hear the birds twittering in the boughs of the oak. A lizard paused on the damp stone near by. A bee hovered over the roses, twirled a leaf impatiently, and buzzed its flight over the old wall. He was conscious of recognizing these sounds and these objects, but with the consciousness of a man suddenly put down in an unknown country, in an unknown age, far away from all familiar things.

"I deplore the misfortune which crossed your path and mine again," she went on relentlessly, as much to herself as to him. "But I am something of a fatalist. We can not avoid what is to be."

He was pale, but not paler than she.

"I offer you nothing, Mr. Hillard, nothing; no promise, no hope, nothing. A few days longer, and we shall separate finally."

She was about to rise and ask him to excuse her and retire, when Merrihew and Kitty came into view. There was nothing now to do but wait. She sought ease from the tenseness of the moment in sorting the roses. Hillard stirred the cold dregs in his tea cup. Cold dregs, indeed! The light of the world was gone out.

Merrihew's face was as broad and shining as the harvest moon. He came swinging down the path, Kitty's arm locked in his. And Kitty's face was rosy. Upon reaching the table Merrihew imitated the bow of an old-time courtier.

"It is all over," he said, swallowing. "Kitty has promised to marry me as soon as we land in America. I'm a lucky beggar!"

"Yes, you are," said Hillard. "Congratulations to both of you."

La Signorina took hold of Kitty's hands. This was a much needed diversion.

"Is it true, Kitty?"

"Yes, ma'am," Kitty answered, with a stage courtesy. "I have promised to marry him, for there seemed no other way of getting rid of him."

Hillard forced a smile. "It's a shame to change such a pretty name as yours, Miss Killigrew."

"I realize that," replied Kitty with affected sadness.

"Go to!" laughed the happy groom-elect. "Merrihew and Killigrew; there's not enough difference to matter. And this very night I shall cable to America."

"Cable to America?" echoed a trichorus.

"Yes; to have a parson in the custom shed when we land. I know Kitty, and I am not going to take any chances."

This caused real laughter. La Signorina relighted the tea-lamp, and pr sently they were all talking together, jesting and offering suggestions. No matter how great the ache in the heart may be, there is always some temporary surcease. Hillard was a man.

They laughed quietly as they saw O'Mally gravely conducting his charge to the gates. He returned with Smith. Both were solemn-visaged.

"Well, noble concierge?" inquired La Signorina. "Why, you look as if you were the bearer of ill tidings."

"Perhaps I am," said O'Mally. He tossed his cap on the stones and sat down with Smith on the iron bench. "No, no tea, thank you. What I need is glass, a whole glass, of good Irish whisky. This thing has been on my mind since noon, but I concluded to wait rather than spoil the whole day. I should have known nothing about it if it hadn't been for old Pietro."

"What has happened?" asked Merrihew.

"Enough," said O'Mally laconically. He directed his next words to La Signorina. "You are sure of this friend of yours, the princess?"

"Certainly," answered La Signorina, her astonishment increasing.

"She gave you the right authority?"

"Absolutely," more and more astonished.

"Agreed that we could remain here as long as we pleased?"

"Yes, yes!" impatiently.

"Well, before I swing the thunder, let me tell you something," said O'Mally. "I was in Florence a few days ago. I made some inquiries."

"About my friend the princess?"

"Yes. It was impertinent, I know. I interviewed four or five hotel concierges. Only one of them ever heard of the name; and then it was an old prince, not a woman. This concierge directed me to another, but as he spoke only Italian, we could not make things fi'. But I mentioned the princess' name, he shrugged and laughed, as if something highly amusing had hit him."

"Go on, Mr. O'Mally; go on. This is interesting. Your doubt is not at all complimentary to me. The police have recognized my authority."

"And that's what feazes me. But the main thing is this: your princess has played us all rather a shabby trick. In the letter you read to us in Venice she said that she had never visited this villa."

"Only in her youth," replied La Signorina, her brows drawing together in a frown. "But I know her so well; she is not in the habit of making misstatements. To the point at once. What has happened to bring about all this pother?"

"It is simply this: our little jig is up," responded O'Mally. "Read these and see for yourself." He gave to her a broad white envelope and a clipping from La Nazione of the day before.

She seized the clipping eagerly, but the eagerness died from her face quickly, leaving it pale and stony. The clipping fluttered unheeded from her fingers to the ground. Her gaze passed from one face to another, all the while a horror growing in her eyes. Slowly she picked up the envelope and drew out the card. Her eyes filled, but with tears of rage and despair.

"Tell me, what is it?" cried Hillard, troubled, for his keen lover's eyes saw these changes.

In answer she gave him the card. He read it. It was rather a knock. Now, why should the Principessa di Monte Blanca take it into her head to give a ball in the Villa Ariadne, Wednesday week, when she had loaned the villa indefinitely to her friend, La Signorina?

CHAPTER XXII.

Tangles.

Hillard passed the card to Merrihew, who presented it to Kitty. Smith had already seen it. He waved it aside moodily. La Signorina's eyes roved, as in an effort to find some way out. Afar she discovered Worth, his chin in his collar, his hands behind his back, his shoulders studiously in clined, slowly pacing the graveled path which skirted the conservatory. From time to time he kicked a pebble, followed it and kicked it again, without purpose. Whether he saw them or not she could not tell. Presently he turned the corner and was gone from sight. During the past few days he had lived by himself; and for all that she did not like him, she was sorry for him.

"It's a pretty kettle of fish," said O'Mally, rather pleased secretly in having created so dramatic a moment. "She might have been kind enough, however, to notify us in advance of her intentions. I am still broke," disheartened; "and the Lord knows what I'll do if I'm shunted back into the hands of the tender hotel managers and porters. There is nothing for us to do but to clear out, bag and baggage. It's a blamed hard world. I wish I had kept some of old Pietro's tips." He spoke with full dejection. Up to this time he had been playing the most enjoyable part in all his career plenty to eat and to drink and no worry. And here the affair was ended with the suddenness of a thunderclap.

"I'm even worse off than you are, Tom," said Smith. "You've got a diamond. The sooner we light out the better. In a day or two the princess will be piling in upon us with her trunks and lackeys and poodles."

"Poodles!" La Signorina was white with anger.

"Why, yes," said Smith innocently. "Nearly all Italian ladies carry one or more of those woozy-eyed pups. Good-by to your sparkler, Tom, this trip, if we don't expect to see the lights of old Broadway again."

O'Mally sighed deeply. The blow had finally fallen.

Then La Signorina rose to her feet. She took the card from Kitty's fingers, tore it into many pieces and flung them over the wall.

"We have been betrayed!" she cried, a storm in her eyes.

"Betrayed?"

O'Mally looked at Smith; Hillard stared at Merrihew; Kitty regarded La Signorina with wonder.

"Betrayed? In what manner?" asked Hillard.

"Her Highness has had no hand in this. I know. Someone with malice has done this petty thing." To La Signorina everything had gone wrong today. "I shall telegraph her Highness at once. I say that we have been made the victims of some practical joke."

"Joke or not, we can't stay here now," Smith declared. "All the high muckamucks in and round-about Florence will be getting out their jewels and gowns. If we send a denial to the paper, and we really have no authority to do that, there'll be a whole raft of 'em who will not see it. And since nobody knows how many invitations have been sent out or to whom they have been sent—oh, what's the use of all this arguing? The thing's done. No matter how we figure it, we're all railroaded. Third-class to Naples and 12 days in the steerage. Whew!"

"I guess Hillard and I can help you," said Merrihew. "We'll see that you get home all right."

"To be sure," assented Hillard. Poor devils!

"We'll make good, once we strike Broadway," replied O'Mally gratefully.

La Signorina, her arms folded, her lips compressed into a thin line of scarlet, the anger in her eye unabated, began to walk back and forth, and there was something tigerish in the light step and the quick turn. The others, knowing her to be a woman of fertile invention, patiently and in silence waited for her to speak.

But the silence was broken unexpectedly by O'Mally. He gripped Smith by the arm and pointed toward the path leading to the gates.

"Look!" he whispered.

All turned, and what they saw in nowise relieved the tenseness of the situation. Two carabinieri and an inspector of seals, dusty but stern of countenance, came up the path. O'Mally, recollecting the vast prison at Naples, saw all sorts of dungeons, ankle-deep in sea water, and iron bars, shackles and balls. Every one stood up and waited for this new development to unfold itself. La Signorina alone seemed indifferent to this official cortege. The inspector signed to the carabinieri, who stopped. He came on. Without touching his cap—a bad sign—he laid upon the tea table a card and a newspaper, familiar to them all.

"Signorina," he said politely but coldly to the whilom prima donna, "will you do me the honor to explain this? We have some doubts as to the authority upon which this invitation was issued." He spoke fluent English, for the benefit of all concerned.

Hillard waited for her answer, dreading he knew not what.

She spoke evenly, almost insolently. "The invitation is perfectly regular."

Everybody experienced a chill.

This time the inspector bowed. "Then her highness will occupy her villa?"

"She is already in possession. I am the Principessa di Monte Bianca," calmly.

(To Be Continued.)

Hard Lines.

"It says here that men are goin' ter wear clothes ter match th' hair this winter."

"That's gon er make it kinder cold fur th' bald-headed fellers, ain't it?"—Life.

Bar Even Suggestion of Meat.

"They are very strict vegetarians, are they not?"

"Yes, indeed! They won't even eat these little animal crackers!"—Browning's Magazine.

Steel Shingles Last a Lifetime—Cost Less

An Edwards "Reo" Steel Shingle Roof always saves from four to five times its cost. It outwears four wood shingle roofs and costs less than one. Outwears six composition or tar roofs. It's fireproof and *reduces insurance rates* from 10 to 20 per cent.

Edwards "REO" Steel Shingles

Lay them yourself. No tarring—no soldering. Need only hammer and nails. Comes in stamped sheets of finest Bessemer Steel, 5 to 10 feet long, covering width of 24 inches. Either painted or galvanized. *Factory Prices—Freight Prepaid*—We are largest makers of iron and steel roofing and pay the freight on all Steel Shingles; Plain, Corrugated, V-Crimp Roofing; Imitation Brick Siding, etc. Write for free catalog 559 and ask about our

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THE EDWARDS MANUFACTURING CO.
329-359 Lock Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO

ROSY COLOR

Produced by Postum.

"When a person rises from each meal with a ringing in the ears and a general sense of nervousness, it is a common habit to charge it to a deranged stomach.

"I found it was caused from drinking coffee, which I never suspected for a long time, but found by leaving off coffee that the disagreeable feelings went away.

"I was brought to think of the subject by getting some Postum and this brought me out of trouble.

"It is a most appetizing and invigorating beverage and has been of such great benefit to me that I naturally speak of it from time to time as opportunity offers.

"A lady friend complained to me that she had tried Postum, but it did not taste good. In reply to my question she said she guessed she boiled it about ten minutes. I advised her to follow directions and know that she boiled it fifteen or twenty minutes, and she would have something worth talking about. A short time ago I heard one of her children say that they were drinking Postum now-a-days, so I judge she succeeded in making it good, which is by no means a difficult task.

"The son of one of my friends was formerly a pale lad, but since he has been drinking Postum, has a fine color. There is plenty of evidence that Postum actually does 'make red blood,' as the famous trade-mark says."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader of the Farmstead kindly tell how to tell when to cup cowpeas to make the best hay for my cows?—B., Beaver, Ore.

Can anyone tell me what causes lice on horses? We have many pigeons in the barn, and they roost around the horses.—G., Champaign, Ill.

I wish someone would tell me through the Farmstead columns, how to keep locust trees from sprouting? I have tried barking them and grubbing, but still they sprout. I would be thankful for advice how to kill them.—L., Orma, W. Va.

I am anxious to know how much white lead and the quantity of linseed oil will be required to make a gallon of paint ready for use for first or second coat. Also the number of square feet a gallon of paint will cover, two coats. How are windows figured?—W., West Fairlee, Vt.

My 3-year-old stallion had a fever about a year ago, and since that time he has been weak in his back and staggers in his hind parts. Will someone please tell me what to do for him?—C., Raywood, Texas.

THE WONDERBERRY

In reply to a question in the Farmstead, asking about the wonderberry, I want to say that I had a large crop last year, and I have made up my mind tht I want no more—J., Anoka, Minn.

I have read the inquiry of a Blade subscriber as to the merits or demerits of the wonderberry, and as I have had some experience, I am pleased to answer. I have fully tested this "wonderful production," and report that these, with all other inventions whereby nature is perverted, are simply catch-penny affairs. This wonderberry is similar to that other fake, the "garden huckleberry." The fruit is identical. Neither is more fit for the palate than the old-time pokeroot berries. My advice is, don't meddle.—R., Warren, O.

I raised the wonderberry and canned eight quarts last year, and made piles of them without any bad results. I consider the berries all right. I am going to raise more this year.—Mrs. S., Hillsdale, Mich.

ARTICHOKES FOR HOGS

Someone wanted to know something about artichokes for hogs. Sixty-three years ago I planted a three-acre lot in artichokes. The land was good. The crop kept 30 hogs in nice, plump condition through the winter without other feed. The brood sows, however, did not do well. Abortion was the trouble. If any of them went to full time the pigs were weak, and not many of them lived to be worth anything. A few of my neighbors had the same experience.—C., Lascassas, Tenn.

GROUNDMOLES

To get rid of groundmoles use a mole trap or poison bits of meat and drop in the runways. One year I caught 26 with a mole trap.—J., Onoka, Minn.

BLACK KNOT FATAL

R., Concord, N. H.: Black knot means the death of your trees unless you eradicate it. A few years ago I sent a specimen to our state entomologist. He sent a man to investigate, and he said the only way was to cut it out and burn it, that if it was thrown down it would ripen on the ground and spread.—V., Vermillion, Ill.

SOWING FLOWER SEEDS

The first flower seed to sow after the ground is reasonably dry, are pansies, asters, sweet peas, nasturtiums. Really the pansies should have been started some weeks earlier in the house, or better still, good plants may be bought at the florists and set out at once. It is to be notted that little pansy plants are the best. They will grow better and bloom better and longer than the big fat ones which have been carried over since last fall.

A week or ten days after planting the first seed, if the weather holds good, the wrinkled peas, beets and other seeds may be planted. Again, a week after these, a planting of early sweet corn (Golden Bantam is the best) may be tried, although it is a little risky still. By May 20 most seeds can be planted and most bedding plants can be set out. Corn, melons, cucumbers, geraniums, asters, lobelia and all except the most tender things are reasonably safe.

Okra and very tender plants should not be set out until early June, and while bush bans may be planted in late May, the limas should not be put in the ground until June 1. For the extreme northern states these dates are too early, while as the Ohio river line is approached the dates are late.

THE INCUBATOR

The mechanism and ventilating appliances are different in each make of incubator. The instructions set out with each machine should be studied carefully, therefore, and though you may have operated the incubator a season or two, before each hatch, the instructions should be reread. If the instructions have been misplaced don't fail to send for more before attempting the hatch. The manufacturer is glad to co-operate with his customer in this manner to assist in getting the best returns.

A room for the location of the incubator should be selected in which a moderately even temperature can be maintained. A room containing a stove, as a rule, is not a suitable place, as it is too warm, and the temperature is not as even as it should be. A room adjoining that containing the stove is better, it must be remembered, too, that stoves often emit fumes. These must be guarded against; so, also, must drafts be prevented.

The idea prevails that the cellar is the best place of all in which to operate the incubator, but the great majority of the cellars are wholly unfit for such purpose, especially at this time of the year. After the cellar has been aired for several weeks, however, and the air is very warm outside, it may be safely used. At this time of the year have the incubator placed where there is plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

It is welyl to start the machine at least two days before the operator intends to place the eggs in it. Care should be taken not to fill the hot water machines too full at the first filling. Warn rain water should be used. The lamp in both the hot water and air machines should be started with low flame and gradually increased. The damper over the lamp should be raised just a little from the start to allow drafts for the flame and to prevent smoking the tank. Every half-hour or so the regulator will have to be released a little more until the temperature reaches 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

The lamp bowl and burner cannot be kept too clean. If the lamp produces fumes at any time, it is because the burner or bowls are not clean. If the smallest amount of oil is left on any part of the lamp, the heat from the flame will soon cause the oil to evaporate or turn to a gas, and this is the odor we often detect where kerosene lamps of any kind are used and not kept scrupulously clean.

A new wick should be used for each hatch, and the charred part scrdaped off with a match or blunt stick each evening as you fill the lamp. Far more satisfactory results are obtained from the best grade of oil. It makes a clean flame and burns steadily without flickering. Never try to be so saving with the heat as to cause the damper to fit down tight, as the best lamp and oil will then smoke. Should the tank become covered with soot it should be wined off and polished, or you will find it difficult to keep up the temperature. Soot is a non-conductor of heat.

The eggs should be placed in the tray with the small ends pointing down and all in the same direction. Too much care cannot be exercised in running the incubator the first four days. If the temperature goes up several degrees a poor hatch will result. If anything, run the machine low the first few days—102 degrees is high enough.

On the seventh day the eggs should be tested to discover the infertile ones. All clear eggs should be removed and the doubtful ones marked and tested again two days later. After the fourth day the eggs should be turned twice a day, preferably with the hands. The eggs need not be turned until the end of the second day. See to it, however, that an even temperature is maintained.

On the fourteenth day the eggs may again be tested and all eggs that have a small black speck in them and seem dead may be removed. It is always best to remove the infertile eggs. Fresh eggs should not be placed in their place or eggs piled on top of one another. A hen or two can be set at the same time as the incubator and her eggs used to fill up the machine after the infertile eggs have been eliminated. The temperature should be kept as near 103 as possible after the fourth day.

ANSWERS BY THE VETERINARIAN

Dr. A. S. Alexander,
Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

Lame Horse.

One of my work geldings has a lame hind leg. He jerks it up when made to get over in the stall, and starts out lame, but soon gets over it. Then he is as lame as ever after a short rest. He goes on his toe and wears down the toe of his shoe. Do you think it is in his hip? A neighbor thinks so and advises putting a plaster on the hip.—A. B. A., Wisconsin.

Reply—The symptoms point clearly to the hock joint as the seat of the lameness, and a careful examination no doubt will disclose the presence of a bone spavin. If no spavin can be seen it may be among the bones of the joint, instead of involving their surface. The hidden spavin is known as "occult" spavin and is practically incurable. The lameness of ordinary bone spavin in an adult horse usually is curable. Treatment consists in firing and blistering the entire hock joint and then tying the horse up in a stall so that he cannot lie down or move backward and forward for a period of six weeks. It does little good to fire the hock of a young, growing colt or to turn the horse out for exercise after the operation. Absolute rest is necessary that the bones involved may become welded together by the formation of the spavin (exostosis). When union takes place among the bones involved motion ceases, inflammation and pain subside and lameness in consequence disappears.

Torn Hoof.

A big gray gelding we own tore his left fore hoof almost off by getting it caught in a loop of barb wire. The frog is slit through and one part of the horn of the wall is hanging loose. We have it tied back in place, but I fear it will not stick. He cannot put the foot to the ground, but it has not bled since the first bleeding was stopped. How should we treat the foot, and do you think it will grow a new hoof if we cut off the loose part?—J. K., Wisconsin.

Reply—Cut off the loose horn. It will grow down new if the wound is cared for properly. Before cutting, soak the foot for an hour or so in a hot 1 to 1,000 solution of corrosive sublimate. Clip the hair from the coronet and remove all blood clots, torn or ragged pieces of horn and flesh, and when every bit of underrun or loose horn has been cut away swab the raw parts with a 1 to 500 solution of corrosive sublimate and cover with a mixture of one part of iodofrm and six parts of boric acid; then cover with clean cotton batting and a bandage. Renew the dressing once daily. When the wound is doing well and the horn growing down fast, stop using the powder and simply cover the part with a mixture of pine tar, to a pint of which add, after melting, half an ounce of coal tar dip. After dressing with this cover with oakum and a bandage and renew the dressing two or three times a week. If any part of the wound does not heal fast swab it again with the 1 to 500 solution of corrosive sublimate.

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Reply.—Two nights a week inject into the rectum a couple of quarts of soapy warm water in which has been mixed a cupful of decoction of tobacco stems or coarse leaf tobacco; or use a strong tea of qussia chips. In feed, night and morning for a week mix a dram of dried sulphate of iron and two teaspoonfuls each of sale and flower of sulphur; then skip ten days and repeat. If he does not pick up, feed him a quart of black strap molasses diluted with three quarts of hot water and then stir among cornmeal, bran and cut hay. Feed this night and morning, allowing whole oats at noon and long hay at night. Wash the root of the tail with a 1-50 solution of coal tar dip and then rub in flowers of sulphur freely. Repeat the treatment as required.

Black Leg.

We have a bunch of calves feeding in a shed and they eat corn, oats and barley ground together in equal quantities, besides hay, straw and corn stover. Some of them have suddenly become sick and then have dropped dead. The legs were filled with blood under the skin in each case. Is it contagious? How can the other calves be saved from it, and should the cows be turned in with them in the yard?—H. M. Missouri.

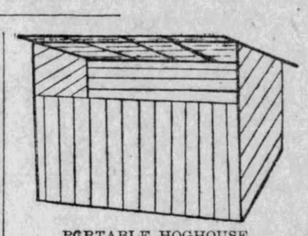
Reply.—The disease is "blackleg," which is due to a specific germ, incurable and contagious. Keep the cows away from the calves. Greatly reduce the food of the calves, as they have been thriving too fast, and such calves are most prone to the disease. Have the remaining calves vaccinated with anti-blackleg vaccine. Any graduate can do the vaccination for you, and it is an effective preventive.

Discharging Eye.

The right eye of a 4-year-old gray mare we own runs all of the time. It is mostly water, but sometimes there is a little matter in the corner of the eye. I have used burnt alum and sugar in the eye, but it does no good. We cannot tell how it got hurt and think it may be a disease. In summer time the flow from the eye keeps the skin sore. How can this be stopped?—A. D. E. Iowa.

Reply.—There is a stoppage of the tear duct of the eye and it will have to be opened by a qualified veterinarian. Meanwhile wash the part once a day with saturated solution of boric acid. In summer time if the skin again becomes sore apply a little benzoated oxide of zinc ointment once or twice daily and mix a little iodoform powder in the ointment if the flies bother the part. The operation may, however, prove successful and prevent the discharge.

MADE THREE DOLLARS A HEAD



PORTABLE HOGHOUSE.

With portable hoghouses the farmer can move the hogs from one field to another and have protection for the hogs at all times. Disease is not so apt to attack the herd when the location of the hog-house is frequently changed.

The Colorado Agricultural college has just finished an experiment on the feeding of hogs which gives an idea of the value of feeds used. The hogs were cross-bred Poland-Chinas-Duroc-Jerseys. One hundred and ten were used in the experiment. They were purchased at $7.50 per hundredweight. In the words of Professor E. J. Iddings, of the college: "The average weight per head when put in the feed lot was 174.5 pounds. The average gain per head in a 56-day feed was 87.1 pounds. The selling price was $8.10 per hundredweight on the Denver market.

"The average daily gain per head of the 110 head was 1.55 pounds. The heaviest gains were made by the lot fed on barley, alfalfa and corn, which agrees with results obtained in former years. This lot of ten head made an average gain of 1.74 pounds per head per day. The lightest gains were made by the lot fed on rye. The average per head in this lot was 1.17 pounds daily.

"Good gains were made by the lots fed corn, barley and alfalfa; those fed corn and alfalfa; those fed barley and fertilizer tankage 9:1 and 5:1, and those fed barley and selected tankage 7:1.

"One of the principal objects of the test was to try out California feed barley for feeding swine. The showing is very satisfactory from the standpoint of rapidity of gain, but as yet the cost of the various rations has not been figured. The gross profit on the 110 head was $8.10 per head. From this must be deducted the cost of feed, labor account feeding, shipping, commission charges and other incidentals. The net profit will probably not figure under $3.00 per head."

The initial weight, closing weight and average gain, in pounds, together with the feeds used are, respectively, for the eleven lots of ten pigs each as follows:

Lot.	Feeds.	Initial weight.	Closing weight.	Average gain, lbs.
1	Corn and alfalfa	1,735	2,604	92.9
2	Corn, barley and alfalfa	1,736	2,710	97.4
3	Barley and selected tankage in proportion of 9 to 1	1,748	2,623	87.5
4	Barley and selected tankage, 7 to 1	1,740	2,660	92.0
5	Barley and selected tankage, 5 to 1	1,748	2,599	85.1
6	Barley and fertilizer tankage, 9 to 1	1,573	2,694	94.1
7	Barley and fertilizer tankage, 7 to 1	1,747	2,593	84.6
8	Barley and fertilizer tankage, 5 to 1	1,741	2,671	93.0
9	Corn and shorts, 3 to 1	1,745	2,516	77.1
10	Barley and sugar beets	1,748	2,687	88.9
11	Rye	1,755	2,410	65.5

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We want to add your name to our list of patrons. We want to place some of our very finest Whiskey before you—so you may KNOW how rich, pure and delicious it is—and may appreciate how much you save by our plan of selling **Direct From Distillery** to you. And to induce you to send us your order NOW—we make you this special offer.

3 Quarts Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey, at 80 cents a quart.
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4 Quarts for $3.70

HAYNER Patent Combination LOCK STOPPER and SIDEBOARD DECANTER FREE with each order.

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OUR GUARANTEE IS PLAIN AND DISTINCT. When the goods arrive, open one, two or all the bottles—give the whiskey a good, fair trial—examine the Lock Stopper and Decanter and put them to the test—and if not found exactly as we represent—you may send back the goods at our expense and your $3.70 will be returned by first mail.

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TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TODAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

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St. Louis, Mo. Dayton, Ohio. St. Paul, Minn.
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Millions of Satisfied Customers. Liquors made with "ZANOL" Flavors deliciously and pure—We guarantee under U. S. Pure Food Law, Serial No. 22115. Liquors awarded Gold Medals Columbian Exposition.

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What do you use? Imitation Scotch or Rye, Bourbon, Corn, Sour Mash Monongahela Whiskies, Irish, Gins, Cognac, Peach, Apple or Apricot Brandies, Rums, Rock and Rye, Cocktails, Cordials, Creme-de-Menthe, Bitters, Etc.

Make your selection and send at once for **"ZANOL" for Six Full Quarts for $1.00, prepaid,** in plain package; assorted if you wish; 12 full quarts $1.50; 24 full quarts $2.80. **Your money returned if not just as represented. Send order today and ask for "Free Booklet"** giving history and secrets of liquors.

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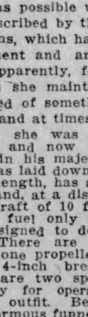

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THE FASTEST WARSHIP

British Torpedo-Boat Destroyer Makes 40 Miles an Hour.

New York Press.

The new British torpedo boat destroyer Swift was designed for a speed of 36 knots on a continuous, six-hour run. In reply to a question in the house of commons recently the first lord of the admiralty stated that the Swift's best recorded speed to date over the measured mile was 35.239 knots. It is so unusual in these times for a naval vessel to fall below her designed speed that an explanation of the Swift's failure is called for.

She was, it appears, more or less of an experimental vessel, intended for as high a speed as possible under certain conditions prescribed by the admiralty. These conditions, which had to do with load displacement and armament, are accountable, apparently, for her speed deficiency. As she maintained a six-hour trial speed of something over 40 miles an hour and at times reached the 36-knot mark, she was accepted by the admiralty and now is regularly commissioned in his majesty's navy.

The Swift was laid down in 1906. She is 345 feet in length, has a beam of 34 feet 2 inches, and, at a displacement of 1,800 tons, a draft of 10 feet 5 inches. She burns oil fuel only and her engines were designed to develop 30,000 horsepower. There are four shafts, each carrying one propeller. She carries several 4-inch breech loading rifles. There are two spidery masts, used apparently for operating a wireless telegraph outfit. Between these stand three enormous funnels, quite out of proportion to the remainder of the vessel. The impression produced by a picture of the Swift is that of great power concentrated in a small space. And, as the above description indicates, she does not belie her appearance.

Spoiling Her Appetite.

The Stenographer—My boss is an awful tight-wad.

Her Friend—Why, Mayme! Don't he always take you out to lunch?

The Stenog—Yes, but he always makes me lick about two hundred stamps before we start!

Farmer Humor.

"We're having a mighty bad spring for wheat. They won't be no crop."

"Gosh! Don't it hurt yer conscience ter make sech a prophecy?"

"Well, it does go against the grain!"

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"There's such a thing as spoiling a person's good looks by praising them."

"As how?"

"Well, I told Agnes she had a beautiful nose, and she has made herself cross-eyed looking at it."

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

EASTER IN THE BIBLE

Will the Question Bureau please tell if the word Easter appears in the Bible, and if so where?—M. J. M., Whitesbury Tenn.

In the earlier English versions of the Bible the word Easter had been frequently used as the translation of the word "pascha," the Jewish passover or feast of the lamb. At the last revison passover was substituted in all passages except in Acts xii-4.

FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS

Please give the membership of some of the most important fraternal organizations of this country.—L. B. V., Crosby, Tenn.

The Odd Fellows number 1,441,403, the Freemasons 1,309,697, Modern Woodmen of America 1,952,673, Knights of Pythias 703,804, Independent Order of Rechabites 491,000, Woodmen of the World 432,285, Improved Order of Red Men 475,450, Order of Eastern Star 402,375, Knights of the Maccabees 283,998, and Royal Arcanum 241,812.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN

Please give a biography of Hannibal Hamlin in these columns.—H. H. B., Clifton, N. Y.

Hannibal Hamlin, the American statesman, was born August 27, 1809, and died July 4, 1891. Hamlin never entered college but at once because an editor of a paper in one of the towns of his native state, of Maine. But he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1833, beginning to practice at once. Being active in Democratic politics he was elected to the state legislature two years later, serving until 1840, and being speaker of the lower house part of the time. He then ran for Congress, but was defeated only to be elected two years later, serving two terms. In 1848 he was chosen to the U. S. senate to fill a vacancy, was elected in 1851, but in 1856 resigned his seat to accept the governorship of Maine, to which he had been elected as a Republican. In less than a month he entered the senate again and served a full term. In 1861-1864, Hamlin was Vice-President of this country under President Lincoln. After this he was successively collector of the port of Boston, United States senator, and minister to Spain. The reasons for Hamlin's separation from the Democratic party was on account of his strong anti-slavery convictions.

GARDEN OF THE GODS .

Please give a description of the Garden of the Gods in your paper.—B. M. M., Fort Covington, N. Y.

The Garden of the Gods is a small region in Colorado, near the Colorado Springs. Some of the most striking effects of erosion that are ever found in the world are seen in this region. It is an area of about 500 acres, in which are strangely sculptured sandstone rocks, red and white, forms of grotesque magnificence—columns, "cathedral spires" and giant figures sometimes appearing almost as if made in human likeness. To many of these shapes have been given distinctive names suggested by their various formations. The road into the garden enters through a huge "Gateway" of red rock masses more than 300 feet in height.

JAY GOULD

Will you please give a short sketch of the life of Jay Gould?—W. D. R., Plankinton, S. D.

Jay Gould, the American financier, was born May 27, 1836, and died December 2, 1892. He was brought up to labor on his father's farm, and for a short time went to Hobart college. While there he studied surveying. After several surveying trips he entered on his railroad career directly after the panic of 1857. He invested in several roads and assumed a controlling interest, then withdrew his capital, removed to New York, opened a broker's office, and began dealing in Erie stocks and bonds. He wanted to get control of the Erie, and he did so by depressing the value of the stock and then buying it in. He was elected president of the company, but when it was reorganized in 1872 he lost official connection with it. Gould then invested in the Pacific roads, secured control of several lines, built branches, and effected combinations which resulted in the establishment of what is known as the "Gould system."

MARL

Please give a description of marl in your paper.—O. V., Belding, Mich.

Marl is a mixture of carbonate of lime and clay in various proportions, or if the lime predominates the marl is called calcareous; clay marl, or argillaceous marl, has a larger proportion of clay. As marl is hard or not, it is called indurated or earthy. Even the more solid marls crumble soon on exposure to the atmosphere and form a paste if dipped in water; they effervesce in acids, because of the presence of carbonate of lime. Marl occurs in masses and beds, is associated with chalk, gypsum, sand, clay or compact limestone, and contains important fossil remains. To the presence of carbonate of lime in its composition, marl owes its use as a fertilizer. Hence it happens that the many natural mixtures used as manures are called marls, such as New Jersey green sand-marls, which contain as their principal constituents clay and green sand and usually only 1 or 2 per cent of carbonate of lime. The latter use of the word is scarcely justifiable, especially as it is sometimes applied, notably in England, to substances containing no lime at all.

PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan?—F. M., Hazel, Virginia.

Philip Henry Sheridan was born March 6, 1831, and died August 5, 1888. In 1853 he graduated from West Point. He served in the army in 1861, rapidly advancing in rank the longer he served. He participated in many battles and skirmishes during the next four years. In these battles he was usually successful. In 1864 he made his famous ride. After the close of the war, in 1867, Sheridan was appointed governor of the Fifth Military district, consisting of Louisiana and Texas. He was in favor of radical measures in dealing with the southerners. In the troubles that arose as the result of these measures Grant supported him and President Johnson opposed him. He was later removed, only to be made lieutenant general of the army, when Grant became President. In 1888 he was made general. Gen. Sheridan was a devout Roman Catholic in religion. In 1879 Sheridan married the daughter of Gen. D. H. Rucker, of the United States army.

DANIEL WEBSTER

Will you publish, in the columns of the Question Bureau, a sketch of the life of Daniel Webster?—L. M., Cameron, N. Y.

Daniel Webster, the American orator and statesman, was born at Salisbury, N. H., January 18, 1782. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1801. He studied law while teaching school at Fryeburg, Me., and was admitted to the bar in 1806, beginning the practice of law in Boscawen, N. H. He removed to Portsmouth two years later. Webster soon became a leader of the bar and was elected to congress in 1813, serving until 1817. At that time he was a moderate Federalist in views. He now settled in Boston and in 1818 rose to the front rank of lawyers by his plea before the United States supreme court in the famous "Dartmouth college case," which involved the obligation of contracts and the powers of government. From 1823 to 1827 he was congressman from Massachusetts, was chairman of the judiciary committee, and had attracted attention by his speeches on Greece and on free trade. He had become widely known as an orator. In 1827 Webster entered the senate and ranked chief among its orators. Clay, Calhoun and Benton were some of his contemporaries. Webster favored a protective tariff in 1828. Two years later he reached his highest point in the debate on the "Foote resolution," where his reply to Hayne won for him the title of "Expounder of the Constitution." Webster was often pitted against Calhoun in debates and was, with Clay, highest in the Whig party. He came within reach of the nomination for President. In 1836 he received the electoral vote of Massachusetts. President Harrison chose him for secretary of state in 1841, and he—also all of the members of Tyler's cabinet—refused to resign in September, 1841. In 1842 he negotiated the Ashburton treaty with Great Britain and resigned the following year. In 1845 he again entered the senate. He spoke on several important questions during his term. In 1850 he was again made secretary of state, which position he held for two years. He received a few votes in the convention of 1852, refused to support Scott, and died soon after in his home at Marshfield, Mass.

THE PASSION PLAY

Will you please give a short account of the passion play which is performed at Oberammergau?—H. C. D., Akron, Colo.

The passion play was a kind of mystery play and was exceedingly popular in the middle ages. Such plays were frequent in northern France and Italy as well as in England. After the Reformation they were repressed in Germany, except in such places where the population were Catholics. Bavaria was one of these places, but in the 18th century the performance of such mysteries was forbidden there, making an exception in the case of the villagers of Oberammergau, where the play had been enacted since 1633. These villagers had escaped contagion from the plague which was raging in their neighborhood and made a vow to perform such a play every 10 years. This they have done and their representation of the drama has drawn thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. There are about 600 performers and the character of Christ is taken by a man remarkable for his religiousness and sanctity of life.

JOHN WANAMAKER

I would like to have you publish in the Question Bureau a sketch of the life of John Wanamaker.—J. C. C., Fries, Va.

John Wanamaker, the American merchant, was born July 11, 1838. His education was received in a common school, and his business career was begun at the age of 14 when he became errand boy in a store. In 1861 he and his brother-in-law established a clothing store under the firm name of Wanamaker & Brown, but eight years later it became known as John Wanamaker & Co. From this beginning he built up a department store which was the largest in the city of Philadelphia, and in 1896 he established a similar store in New York. Wanamaker has been active in the public life of Philadelphia, taking a prominent part in the movement to secure pure water for the city. He has also taken part in state and national politics as an anti-machine Republican. In 1888 he was a presidential elector, and the following year entered President Harrison's cabinet as postmaster general. During his term of office he established the sea postoffices, and strongly favored a post telegraph system. He has taken active part in religious work, being connected with the Y. M. C. A. and organizing one of the largest Sunday schools in this country.

HENRY W. DE PUY

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Henry W. De Puy?—H. W. B., Rutland, Vt.

Henry Walter De Puy, the American miscellaneous writer, was born in 1820, and died February 2, 1876. He constantly contributed political articles to the press, wrote several popular poems and was the author of several books, such as Three Score Years and Beyond, Louis Napoleon and His Times, etc.

FRENCH SPOILIATION CLAIMS

Please tell what you know concerning the French spoliation claims.—W. W. J., Buckeye, Ariz.

During the difficulties with France in 1798, which nearly amounted to a state of war, French war vessels and privateers committed many depredations upon American commerce, and many similar acts had been committed before, in the course of the war between France and Great Britain. For two years Americans attempted to obtain redress for these. But in the convention finally negotiated with Bonaparte in 1800, it was found necessary to drop the claim. The claims were then made against the U. S. government by its injured citizens. Bills for their relief were vetoed by Polk in 1846 and by Pierce in 1855. In 1885 the cases were referred to the court of claims, before which several thousand have now come.

PANAMA CLIMATE

Will you please tell me how long it will take to finish the canal at Panama? Where would I apply for a job there? Also describe the climate of the place.—S. G., Chaffee, Pa.

It is not known when the canal will be finished, but it will be some time yet at least. We think that if you will write to the canal commission there you will receive any information you want in regard to a position. The climate of Panama is tropical, with a season covering the months January-April and a wet season for most of the balance of the year. The mean annual temperature is about 80 degrees, with a maximum of 100 degrees and a minimum of 60 degrees. The hottest months are generally December-March. Rains are much more copious on the Atlantic than on the Pacific side and the quantity also greatly exceeds that which falls over the interior. In the town of Panama the average annual precipitation is about 66 inches; at Colon, about 125-150 inches, and at Gamboa, about 175 inches. Fevers are prevalent in certain regions, but the climate is not so generally unhealthy as has been ordinarily assumed.

The terrible mortality consequent on the canal excavations made by the French are so commonly taken to prove that the earth, if merely upturned, breeds a deadly miasma, that the natives neither hoe nor plow in their agriculture. But the high death rate is quite as probably explicable by the lack of sanitation and by the unrestrained use of the mountain streams for laundries, drains, cesspools, and drinking water reservoirs. However, the system of sanitation which has been put in operation by the United States government since the beginning of the work of digging the canal, has converted the canal zone into a reasonably healthful region.

MISCELLANEOUS

L. S. S., Kensington, O.: It is impossible for us to answer your question.

L. L. A., Central Point, Ore.: There is no railroad in the Euphrates valley.

L. S. C., McArthur, O.: The record for the quickest passage across the Atlantic from Queenstown to New York was made by the Mauretania. This vessel crossed in 4 days, 10 hours and 51 minutes.

G. G. M., Stevens, W. Va.: The longest alphabet is the modern Russian, with 35 letters.

W. S. D., Alpine, N. Y.: The average horsepower of a railroad locomotive is from 500 to 1,000. One locomotive usually costs $15,000 or $16,000.

W. A. M., Covington, Ky.: We have no means of giving you the information you want.

E. B. H., Toronto, Ont.: We will say again that the Nasby Letters are out of print.

A. G. J., Springwater, N. Y.: We cannot print what you want in these columns.

Locomotor Ataxia

"I suffered intensely from Locomotor Ataxia, and Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills gave me great relief. I have taken them for a long time, and some people say they are not good for me. Well, maybe not, but they relieve my pain and I will take them as long as they continue to do so. Anti-Pain and Nerve and Liver Pills keep me up and I assure you I am thankful for that."
JACOB HIRGEL, Covington, Ind.

Many persons who suffer constantly from chronic diseases, find great relief by the use of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and after several years use, say that they have in no way injured them or created a habit.

The first package will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

Poetical Inebriates.

For the Home of Poetical Inebriates we rise to nominate the anonymous contributor who signs "J. A. G." Also Mr. Charles Drinkwine, who is penning some very good stuff. Any more entries?—Buffalo News.

We nominate Ethel Lynn Beers and Thomas Fuller.

Cost of Living.

"I've got to get a new butcher," fumed the distracted boarding house keeper. "This is the third time he's sent me veal to make chicken salad with, and forgotten to mix a few feathers with it!"

No Lie.

"John, what's the meaning of these empty whisky bottles I found in your dresser drawer?"

"Don't ask me. I never bought an empty whisky bottle in my life."

Child Mathematicians

ZERAH COLBURN, the marvelous Vermont boy, possesses a double interest for the investigator of mathematical prodigies on the one hand, because of the extraordinary things known to have been done by the lad, and on the other because of the doubts which envelop not a few of the stories Colburn told of himself in after years. He was regarded as a backward child; yet at six, after a month and a half at district school, where he had no instruction in mathematics, he had reasoned out a multiplication table so well that, when suddenly asked how much 13 times 97 was, he answered instantly, 1,261. One of the apocryphal tales of this period credits him with the authorship of the response, now as familiar a classic, to the question, how many black beans would make five white beans: "Five, if you skin them."

His father took him on an exhibition tour. He was only seven years old when he was asked what sum, multiplied by itself, would produce 998,001, and in less than four seconds answered, 999. The next year his father took him to England, where, in spite of a hostile feeling then prevailing against everything American, he excited much interest in learned circles and performed some uncommon feats in mental arithmetic. When he was eight he was taken to Paris and presented to the French institute. But, not having exhibited for three months, he had grown a trifle stale, and from that hour it was noticed that much of his former facility had passed from him. He never was able to acquire any general culture; his calculating seemed to have absorbed all his mental energy.

Zacharias Dase, a German boy, though dull in other lines, is said to have been the greatest mental arithmetician on record. He could multiply together two lines of eight figures each and announce the product in 54 seconds. To multiply together two lines containing one hundred figures each took him 8¾ hours, but he could do it. He could also, in 52 minutes, extract the square root of a number containing 100 figures. He was wonderfully clever in quick visual enumeration, distinguishing and correctly counting as many as 30 objects at a glance, like the books on a shelf, or the sheep in a field, or the window panes in a large house front. Some of the scholars of his day induced him, as his talent was useless in any other practical field, to devote it to the service of science; so he produced many valuable tables, and at the time of his death was engaged on a volume of these, more extensive than anything then extant.

Jedediah Buxton was an illiterate laborer in Derbyshire, who would solve the most difficult arithmetical problems, while at work with his spade. Given "a body whose three sides are respectively 23,145,789, and 5,642,732, and 54,965 yards, to find the number of cubic eighths of an inch in it," he returned to his digging with his fellows, and, when his questioner reappeared five hours later, repeated the whole answer of 28 figures with equal readiness from left to right or from right to left. Indeed, Buxton was so numbermad that he seemed unable to think of anything else. Taken once to see Garrick play Richard III, all he could tell about it afterward was the number of steps taken by the actors in a dance introduced into one of the scenes, the number of times each actor came upon the stage and left it, and just how many words each uttered. He never put his talent to any practical use, and died poor, and unknown.

"Tom" Fuller, the Virginia negro, was stolen from Africa at 14 years of age and sold into slavery in this country. He lived to be 80, but never learned to read, write or cipher, though he could make almost any arithmetical calculation in his mind. He was once asked how many seconds a man lived who was then 70 years, 17 days and 12 hours old. In 1¼ minutes he answered, 2,210,500,800. His questioner, who had worked out the multiplication with a pen, told him that his total was too large. Tom promptly replied: "No, sir, yours is too small; you forgot the leap-years." The critic added the leap-years and found that Tom was right.

Henri Mondeaux, the son of a poor French woodcutter, was totally ignorant of reading and writing, yet could solve problems involving delicate fractions of fractions, devising his own methods as well as performing the operations. With a wonderful memory for numbers he had none whatever for ordinary things; and when a charitable teacher gave him his name and address at Tours, and bade him come there for instruction, the lad forgot both, and spent a miserable month searching the city for his benefactor.

Vito Mangiamele, son of a Sicilian shepherd, presenting himself before Arago in Paris, when but ten years and six months old, faced this question: "What satisfies the condition that its cube, plus five times its square, equals 42 times itself increased by 40?" In less than a minute came the answer: "Five." And there was young Prolongeau, who, when not yet seven years of age, in the presence of a committee of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, which included both Arago and Cauchy, solved equations of the first degree with facility.

High Prices Abroad

FROM recent official reports on prices of commodities, as sold at retail in various European cities, it appears that in many respects the prevailing market figures are harder for consumers in Old World countries, where the wage scale is low, than in the United States. Some of the prices ruling in foreign cities are far above the American level.

For instance, in the great German port of Hamburg, the price of veal chops, in a good meat shop where the cost of meats is not at either extreme of Hamburg conditions, some competitors selling higher and some lower, is over 32 cents a pound, and calf's liver brings the same sum. Sirloin steaks sell at 32 to 34 cents a pound, and tenderloin steaks at 43 cents. Small mutton chops bring 39 cents a pound in Hamburg.

In the same city, pork chops at 26 cents a pound and sliced ham, ready for eating, at 47 cents to 52 cents a pound, exceed American prices. Whole hams, for cooking, bring from 19 to 26 cents a pound. That, again, is decidedly wore than Toledo conditions, for consumers of meats.

In Hanover, a smaller German city which is considered a cheap place to live, for a large town, flour sells at 4¾ cents a pound, which is at the rate of $9.21 a barrel. Smoked ham is 35 cents a pound in Hanover, and medium Java coffee is worth 39 cents a pound at retail in that city.

Equally surprising reports come from London. Many articles of food are moderate enough there, but some are astonishingly high. For example, oysters sell at from 40 cents a dozen up to 73 cents. Fresh salmon is from 56 cents a pound to 73 cents. Turkeys are quoted at 24 to 30 cents a pound, and steaks (beef) run from 20 cents a pound for the cheapest up to 36 cents. The highest priced flour brings about $9.50 a barrel, if bought in 14-pound sacks. Ham is sold at from 20 to 28 cents a pound, and cooked ham retail at from 48 cents a pound to 61 cents.

Other high prices in London stores are tomatoes at 16 cents a pound and cream at 48 to 67 cents a pint; also, oatmeal running up to 7 cents a pound. Lamb cutlets at 36 cents a pound are about on a natural level with mutton chops at 24 cents a pound and on up to 30 cents. Milk at 8 cents a quart and new-laid eggs at 36 to 48 cents a dozen, are like the conditions in Toledo at the time these statistics were prepared, some weeks ago.

Such facts show that in European countries, where the wage scale is low and the earning power of men in all occupations is far under the American standard, the cost of eating the same food which is used in the United States is about the same that it is here. If family expenses for the table are much under the American average the difference is due to the use of cheaper and less attractive food staples in the Old World.

That is the secret, broadly speaking, of the fact that multitudes of men and women in Europe seem to live very tolerably on much less money than Americans, doing the same kind of work in the United States earn. It is chiefly a case of quality—quality and convenience and elegance in the methods of distributing food staples, for instance.

Spain Being Slowly Modernized.

American Review of Reviews.

In the matter of urban development the use of electricity, transportation facilities, the chief cities of Spain are quite on a level with any modern cities of their size, and the cinematograph is as much of a craze here as in the United States. Perhaps there are 3,000 automobiles owned in Spain.

The illiteracy of the country is appalling, about 70 per cent of the population being analphabetic. The small size and restricted character of bookstores at Madrid and Barcelona show only too plainly that there is no large reading public to cater to. Newspapers, too, while sufficiently numerous, are poorly printed on cheap paper, as are most bound publications also, and telegraphic and news services are very meager. Something, though not much, is being done to promote public education.

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THE WRECKING TRAIN

Railroad Men Who Get Busy When an Accident Happens.

Harper's Weekly.

It takes just about five minutes for the New York Central wrecking crew at Utica, N. Y., to get under way when a wreck happens somewhere east of Kirkville or west of Albany, which is the usual territory covered by this crew, a distance of 38 miles to the westward and 87 miles to the eastward. Five minutes is the time required if the wreck happens in the daytime. If the accident happens at night the use of the telephone gets every member of the crew out of bed, in which case it requires about 15 minutes to get the crew together and the engine hitched to the seven-car train. The wrecking aggregation located at Utica is typical of the wrecking outfits of the Central railroad.

When two trains run into each other and mess things up and hurt somebody the wrecking crew's first business is to care for the wounded. In Utica the New York Central has the names of four physicians on its list, and when the wrecking crew hears that some one is hurt one of these doctors is notified. If the wreck is a large one, not only are all four doctors taken along, but also all others who can be obtained. The wrecking train is also supplied with first aid to the injured outfits.

The wrecking train consists of seven cars, the steam crane, the idler, over which the boom hangs, with a cabin on the other end, in which ride the crane engineer and the rigger; a dining and sleeping car combined, in which the crew eats and sleeps; a tool car, a blocking car, which carries the blocks used in blocking up cars, and two cars loaded with trucks, which may be placed under cars when wheels or axles have been twisted.

An ordinary wrecking crew consists of the wreckwing master, a crane engineer, a rigger and eight wreckers. The assistant train master accompanies the crew to learn how the wreck happened and to attend to other matters. When the wreck is large the size of the crew is increased.

The steam crane constantly keeps steam up ready for business and the fire is never drawn without the permission of the superintendent. When the wrecking crew learns of a wreck the first available engine is hooked to the seven cars, and no time is wasted in arriving at the scene of action.

The first thing the steam crane does is to hoist the debris off the track. Just as soon as one of the tracks has been opened the wrecking master reports to the superintendent and gives him an estimate of the length of time it will require to open the other tracks.

The wrecking master is in full command at the wreck. One of the wreckers acts as a clerk and takes note of every bit of damage done, for it will be his business to make a detailed report of what happened in the mixup. If the nature of the wreck indicates the cause he will report that also.

The crane has a lifting rate of 60 tons, which is sufficient to hoist a freight car bodily upon a track. When it tackles a passenger car it can lift one end at a time. Whenever the crew goes to the electrified West Shore Railroad the members wear rubber boots and rubber gloves as extra precautions, although the current is supposed to be turned off from the third rail after a wreck has happened.

FREE DEAFNESS TREATMENT.

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THE MULE IN ART

Has Brush Tied to Tail and Paints an Italian Sunset.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

There has never been an art exhibition without the presence of a number of chronic kickers; but the case of the mule which painted a picture for a Paris exhibition is probably unique. It seems that a picture of an Italian sunset, signed with an artist's name, was painted by a brush tied to the tail of a donkey.

It is not probable that the picture differed essentially from some of the remarkable effects of modern impressionists, who resort to any expedient to gain the end desired. A ceiling was decorated by means of a sponge soaked in certain oils and thrown against the ceiling. The famous case of Whistler vs. Ruskin will be recalled. Whistler had painted The Falling Rocket, a spatter of indeterminate stars against nocturnal blackness. Ruskin was caustic. He declared that Whistler had the impudence to charge 200 guineas for "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." The jury was out an hour, and awarded the artist one farthing by way of damages.

It is hard to tell what some of the bizarre studies of the impressionists are intended to represent. One reaches the conclusion that blobs of pink and green are meant for a sea-beach at low tide, and is surprised to find that an apple orchard is intended. Even some of the older masters are likely to be misconstrued. Mark Twain said that Turner's Slave Ship put him in mind of a yellow cat dying in a platter of stewed tomatoes.

The mule which painted the Adriatic sunset might get a job as a magazine illustrator and do tailpieces.

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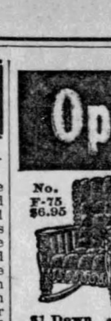

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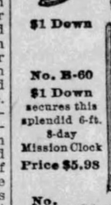

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THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1910.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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MARCH PREMIUM WATCH.

We have awarded the premium watch for March to A. S. Creath, Greensburg, Ind., who sent us a club of 147 names.

Boy wonders should make hay while the sun shines.

Mr. Roosevelt's habit of saying what he thinks still sticks to him.

Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, does not smoke or drink. Politics is his worst habit.

Mr. Fairbanks had a pleasant visit abroad. At no time was he annoyed by brass bands.

The time is fast approaching when the mother of trusts won't feel proud of her children.

In the death of Justice Brewer the woman suffrage movement has lost an earnest advocate.

If the Sphinx would talk perhaps the world would discover that he doesn't know much.

The estimated wealth of this country is $150,000,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller hasn't quite all of it.

Looking at the price tag for a few minutes has cooled many a man's desire to own an automobile.

It was not because he had no appetite that President Taft refused to dine with Chancellor Day.

Canada is bound to be a great country. One hundred thousand Americans went over there last year.

The high cost of living doesn't worry the germs. A family of 92,000,000 can live for a week on a dollar bill.

Walker Weston is now traveling at an average of 60 miles a day and he hasn't struck a telephone pole yet.

March came in like a lamb and it didn't go out like a lion. The year 1910 seems destined to jar tradition.

Realizing that the demand is greater than the supply, Mr. Roosevelt continues to plead for honest politicians.

The scientists can't agree on the subject of the comet, but all of them are willing to admit that it has a long tail.

Notwithstanding the czar originated the disarmament idea, Russia is going to spend $375,000,000 in building a new navy.

For the delight of the civilized world Emperor William and Mr Theodore Roosevelt should have their pictures taken together.

"Governor Vardaman attributes his defeat to bad money and whisky." It is easier to believe that it was a case of good money and bad whisky.

Mr. Armour says the farmers are responsible for high prices. The farmers say the meat trust is guilty. Leave it to the debating societies.

Parents are getting ready for the advent of the census enumerator. A Massachusetts man has counted his children and finds that he has 34.

With free garden seeds and free cook books being sent out by the government, may we not hope for free plows and free garden rakes soon?

A new Jersey man has written a book to prove that the earth doesn't revolve. In view of the high cost of paper., it was a courageous thing to do.

March has been a hard month for the pessimists. Nothing but the thought that April may bring wind and rain and probable snow has sustained them.

A prominent woman says that when a man's children number more than six he should be sent to jail. And his wife would bail him out before the end of the week.

Emperor William will violate court precedence by entertaining Mr. Roosevelt as his personal guest. But that is no more than Mr. Roosevelt would do for the Emperor.

A Philadelphia man committed suicide because he was summoned to serve on a jury. Men who sit around looking for a chance to do jury duty will have a poor opinion of him.

One geologist says the earth is 400,000,000 years old. And in all that time no one man has been able to acquire complete control of it. J. Pierpont Morgan please take notice.

That New York woman who walks up to a man, tells him that she loves him dearly, and then raps him over the head with a billy, must be given credit for possessing more or less originality.

When Mr. Roosevelt reaches the shores of the United States he will be met by a delegation of suffragists who will fire a broadside of questions at him. The life of a conquering hero is not all sunshine.

"We are pleased to note," says the Chicago News, "that so many of our modern statesmen approve of George Washington." They were taught that sort of thing in school and have not wandered away from it.

PEERING INTO NATURE'S LAWS.

While the average person has been worrying about the cost of living, considering what ought to be done with recalcitrant law-makers and what prospect there was for getting a ball team which would prove a pennant winner, a group of men, lead by a woman, has been toiling away in the laboratories trying to discover the inmost secret of nature.

Radium, when knowledge of it first came to the Curies, was a wonderful and perplexing element. In one final reaction in a test tube the greatest and most widely recognized theory of the chemists and physicists was destroyed. What had seemed the foundation of universal law was only a heap of sand. But revolutionary as was that discovered, it was nothing save the steps of the infant compared with the new wonders now unfolding. The radium of the early discoverers was only a mixture of amazing atoms and corpuscles to be spoken of in terms of the arithmetic of light and the time between birth and death. Uranium, it is now believed, is the great-grandparent of radium. There is an element spoken of provisionally as uranium X, with a life of thirty-two days. An unknown element comes thereafter which is considered the parent of radium. Radium gives birth to radium A, living less than five minutes. Radium B follows, living thirty-eight minutes and so on to lead, the common article of commerce, with geneology missing, but indicated.

The utility of these discoveries has only been guessed at or roughly sketched. Whether the astonishing forces will no more than give further clue to the nature of the skeleton of the universe or whether they are to be made to labor in service of mankind are matters for the next generation to know.

THE BETTER POLITICS.

The new rules committee of the house was formed as Joseph Cannon directed. Not a Republican upon it has been other than a steadfast "regular," a loyal Cannonite, a hard and fast servant of the ring which tells the house when and how to jump when the orders are given.

Does this mean that the fight the insurgents made for reform was utterly futile, their cause made absurd? Does it mean that "regularity" is victor and Joseph Cannon is now upon a level with gods of the first dimension instead of the second?

We think not. At this comfortable distance from Washington it strikes us the insurgents played the better politics. The regulars made themselves responsible for all legislation and any legislation in the present congress is like to bear the taint of Cannonism. The regulars have undertaken to revise the house rules alone and that is a job of unusual difficulty and, at this time, likely to be studied by the country through the microscope of suspicion.

When the congressmen come home to ask the suffrages of the people for re-election they will be asked many questions. One of them will be: "Did you vote against Uncle Joe?" Another, "What is your record on that rules committee jobbery?"

THE JUSTICE WHO KNEW MEN.

Justice David Josiah Brewer held a warm place in the hearts of American newspaper men. He was "good copy." He liked to talk for publication and he never assumed the pretense of dislike to seeing his name in the papers. Best of all, he always had something to say, pat to the occasion and direct and strong of expression.

It was Justice Brewer's fortune to see man in the raw out in the plains country, to know his simplicity and virtues, his weaknesses and vices. As a student of laws he was eclipsed by his associates upon the supreme bench, but he knew mankind probably far better than any other of the justices. This was apparent even in some of the decisions he wrote. It shone forth as a delightful quality in his writing and public speeches. When he talked with Washington correspondents, or with other interviewers, something of a genial, quaint outlook upon life tended to make words that were bitter and fiery appear as puzzling forms of humor. In cold type they stood for what they actually were, serious and deep-felt opinions, but upon the man's lips hardly more than casual comment.

The supreme bench has lost not only a very able member, but also one who was very noble of heart, and human of viewpoint.

THE UNCHASTENABLE CANNON.

Joseph Cannon is of many years and full of the scars of political battles. He has accepted defeat slowly and painfully as he has always accepted new ideas and progress, trailing far behind the crowd. It is not to be expected, then, that the speaker will consider he is whipped and sentenced to exile. Nor will he feel the least chastened by the drubbing delivered him or take the opportunity of his few remaining weeks in the speaker's chair to make the departure graceful and dignified.

Legislation in the house has been moving at snail-like pace, partly because delay was the program of the congressional leaders at the beginning of the session, partly because the rebellion against the speaker's autocracy is of more importance than law-making in the mind of the average member. The Cannonites will now play the harder for delay, since they were cornered by the Norris resolution. The speaker will charge that the change in the rules further encumbers business. The insurgents are, of course, to be held responsible.

The farewell of Cannon will be characteristic. It will be with head up, shoulders squared and with notice to his vanquishers that their unconditional surrender will alone be considered.

THE TRAVELER AND THE NATIVE

Theodore Roosevelt looked upon the Egyptian soldiery drawn up in his honor, saw how well disciplined it seemed and how well equipped to carry on a modern campaign. He thought of that fine army and of the stories that were told of it—that it was seething with foment against the nation which had lifted the country out of darkness, which had given it prosperity and hope. He could have talked in praise of the native soldier, but, with characteristic frankness, he talked truthfully, if undiplomatically, of the greater necessity of this army. He told the officers that their duty was to the soldiers, not politicians; to be loyal, not promoters of mutiny; to be upholders of law and order, not sympathizers with anarchy.

The nationalist press in Egypt was outraged. It had a very good excuse for feeling that way. If the speech is not waste breath, the soldier will think of his service when the nationalists desire him to think of ways of chopping off the heads of his English instructors.

It is a dangerous thing to meddle in the domestic politics of national families or attempt to stem the aspirations of a subject people. Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly made a bad break, but then it was Theodore who did it. Who could have expected him to do less than speak his own mind? Europe should take warning. She should not demand a speech if there is a skeleton within sight.

A BUZZARD OF THE HOUR.

A literary scavenger has issued a book in red, flaring covers, entitled, "The Ominous Peril in Our Skies." It consists of a compilation of the calamities which have visited mankind in the years when comets have appeared in the heavens. The import is that the comet is responsible, whereas the disasters are of the same nature that are no more fearful than those which have been recorded in times when comets were not to be sighted, even through the most powerful of telescopes.

A sensational journalist in France recently reprinted a chapter from Camille Flammereon's "End of the World," written many years ago, in which the astronomer speculated upon what might happen to the earth if it were struck by a comet. As Halley's comet approaches, this bit of fiction has been set forth by the unprincipled and accepted by the ignorant as the bona-fide prediction of the distinguished scientist. In France and Belgium the authorities have been compelled to take heroic measures to quell the fears of the unreasoning peasantry and the excesses of the careless who take advantage of another excuse to drink hearty today for tomorrow they die. One Edwin Emerson, whose name appears as author of "The Ominous Peril in Our Skies," is not above promoting similar disturbances in the minds of his countrymen and his soul discovers no scruples in taking profit from a book utterly false and vicious.

There is surely some law which will permit the postoffice department to stop the distribution of this gross play upon ignorance and superstition.

OVERPLAYING GUARDIANSHIP.

The vexed question whether posterity will consist wholly of idiots has taken a new lease in the discussion as to the advisability of congress granting John D. Rockefeller the kind of charity-distributing license he desires. An immense amount of solicitude is expressed for the generations still unborn. The future, we are made to understand, will be marked principally by its lack of brains and it is exceedingly important that an explosive and fireproof trusteeship be established while yet wisdom prevails upon the earth.

The laws of the Medes and Persians are the only statutes mentioned in history which never change. The congress of the United States, very fortunately for the nation, cannot lay down regulations which are to apply for all time. It can issue a special permit to Mr. Rockefeller to go ahead with the uplift of humanity without dread lest the elevator shoot through the roof. For as congress can give so can congress take away. If the Rockefeller foundation begins to show signs of arrogating powers, if it becomes a sort of medieval monastery, absorbing industries and properties for the benefit solely of its distributing agents — as the opponents of the measure fear — then it is become the simple duty of the law-makers to appoint a receiver and liquidate the funds with such speed as is possible.

It is fitting that the present give all help to the well-being of the future, but it is a ridiculous bit of egotism to presume that those who come after us will be fools.

CANNONISM AND CONGRESSMEN.

Four Ohio members of the national house of representatives have issued statements setting themselves upon record as opposed to the re-election of Joseph G. Cannon to the speakership. These statements have been encouraging to the constituents at home so far as they go, but, with possibly one exception, they have not gone very far.

The retirement of Cannon from the speakership has been a foregone conclusion for several months. The late rebellion did little more than cut the last of the bridges along the road to re-election. Not only the insurgents have been rapping the speaker, but since March a year ago, when the congress met to discuss the revision of the tariff, friends of Cannon have been planning strategies by which their boss would discretely find the speakership too wearing upon his health and too much of a strain upon advancing years. Deserters of the Cannon camp have asked the papers to put them on record as against another term for Uncle Joe as leader. The political weather has been too gloomy and threatening for a great number of supporters of the old autocracy. They have been dropping away one by one and their departure from "regularity" has pointed to the inevitable downfall of Cannon's personal influence.

The important thing now is that congressmen who are candidates for re-election declare themselves not only unfriendly to Cannon, but also to Cannonism. The elevation of a member of the speakership trust to the office will be quite as bad as giving the gavel to Cannon again, and possibly worse. It will mean a triumph for reaction and a sharp blow to progressive policies. It will mean that the practice of considering the interests of the few as of more vital moment than the interest of the many will linger in the house of representatives.

Th constituents of Ohio congressmen will make a very serious mistake and work injury for themselves if they surrender their votes in exchange for the pledge that Cannon is not to be made speaker again. They must demand that Cannonism itself shall go.

REBATES AGAIN.

The federal grand jury in Philadelphia ha s handed down indictments against the Bethlehem Steel company, charging it with soliciting and accepting rebates from the Lehigh Valley railroad and the Phalidelphia & Reading railway. This action follows the indictment of the transportation companies two weeks ago.

Only the most vigorous prosecution appears to be effective against the rebating evil. It has a trick of bobbing up in new forms. Shippers who have influence at court, and railroad officers who seek advantages over rival companies lie awake of nights devising methods by which discriminations can be engineered without danger of the fact becoming public knowledge. The shipper, as a rule, has everything to gain by such advantages, yet the railroad merely gets a larger volume of business at smaller rates and runs the longer chance with the law and the retallation of shippers put at a disadvantage. It would seem that experience might have taught the carriers that rebating is practiced at a cost which scarcely pays, since it often leads to forced concessions to shippers who discover the discriminations, and demand like treatment, it invites litigation in the courts and opens up a boundless desert of irritation and trouble. Ye the argument does not hold, as the facts show. Rebates are granted. The watchfulness of the government alone can prevent its becoming epidemic.

EVERY NATION SPYING.

The arrest of spies at garrisons and fortifications has a grave and serious aspect. It brings home the fact that governments are anxious to learn the military secrets of neighbors and men are willing, through zeal and patriotism, to take the chances of imprisonment and death.

However war is brought no closer and international friendship is not affected by the quest for plans and photographs. The truth is, all the nations, at least the larger ones, are constantly engaged in watching one another's raising of forts, invention of guns and the discovery of explosives. When England was in the midst of the invasion hysteria, it was charged that German waiters were organized as a spy corps and were drawing maps of roads and towns. No one thought, until the spasms were over, that the war office in Berlin could have the work performed better and more cheaply by sending agents to stationery shops to buy the charts. The military attaches are only one-fourth ornaments and dancing partners connected with ambassadorial legations. It is their business to spy upon military movements, gain blue-prints by hook or crook and keep their governments informed as best they can as to all changes in equipment and armament.

The arrest of spies forms an hour's sensation around an army post or naval station, but it means very little. There are few secrets so widely known as those of the military establishments.

IN SUSPENSE.

The gloom of affairs of high moment thickens the air in the court where sits the board of United States general appraisers. The first test of the new tariff law is before it. Shall leather, to be used for suspender ends, be admitted into our ports at the rate of 5 per cent, as the importers plead? Or shall it pay 15 per cent, according to the classification of the collector of New York, as leather "not specially provided for," as that terms apples in paragraph 451?

It is the function of the board of general appraisers to adjudge between the meek importer and the arrogant customs officers as well as to serve as a brace for the treasury in Washington. The board deals with articles from arrowroot to jalap, from zinc plate to alphabet noodles. How auspicious for the Payne law that the first great test case should not be concerned with trivial things like drugs or house building materials, but have to do with the symbol of manhood, the emblem of maculinity, the king-bolt, as it were, of the whole fabric of polite society! It will be the delicate duty of the board to hold up the institution of protection while giving support to the cause of impartial international trade. Until this commercial court reviews the arguments of importer and collector and studies the methods of manufacture and the comparative costs of labor, it is for us to suspend judgment.

THE VIEW-WITH-ALARMER.

If this sixteenth amendment be adopted there will no longer be any check on congress, and they can take any property they find in any state and lay on it the expenses of government.—William D. Guthrie, speaking before the Economic club in New York city.

When it comes to the business of viewing with alarm the after-dinner talker can see farther into interplanetary space and suffer the terrors of fear more than any county convention that ever was held in a Populist district. Warmed with many and various foods—and perhaps with drinks—the "distinguished guest we have with us this evening," can see cyclonic war cloudslapping up the homesteads of the peaceful countryside, behold in imagination the fortresses of respectability leveled by the cohorts of anarchy, and the rock and foundation of the nation shaken to its center by unprincipled attack upon the rights of vested property. The little, gentle-mannered, hen-pecked man becomes a Cicero of denunciation at a banquet, the tolerant neighbor, the banner-bearer of bigotry.

Yet who would advise the abolition of the public dinner? Like the top-hats, the edition de luxe books and the mandolin players, the banquet hasn't any rightful excuse for being. But the institution is harmless and a number of men pretend to gain enjoyment that way.

GOOD-NATURE IN THE STRIKE.

The strike in the bituminous coal fields is in happy contrast to other strikes through which American coal-diggers have passed. It is accepted much in the light of a welcomed vacation, is free of the threat of violence or the menace of reprisal and is begun in the belief that it will soon be over. Thomas L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, probably reflects the cheerfulness of his followers by his word to them: "It will all be over in thirty days. Anyhow, this is good fishing weather."

Those citizens of Toledo who were present at conferences held here between miners and operators were impressed by the democratic conduct of the proceedings. Capital put on no mien of superiority and labor did not rave about its wrongs. It was a discussion as to the terms of a contract, carried on in a businesslike way. The opposing forces knew each other thoroughly, the strength of position and the difficulties of the adjustment attempted.

The strike begins auspiciously, if any such break in the economic routine can be spoken of in that way. The chances are that there will be little suffering either from interruptions in work or from increases in the price of fuel. The industries are scarcely likely to be hampeed and the coal carrying roads will probably have no complaint to make when they make their annual reports. "It is good fishing weather."

Willie Sidis, the boy wonder, says he can attach a chunk of radium to the stern of an airship and land in the planet Venus in twenty minutes. It is not likely, however, that his father will let him do it.

There is little reason to believe that Halley's comet portends the triumph of the suffragists, although that might not be so great a calamity as some people imagine.

During the first year of his term President Taft made 348 speeches. If he keeps up that average through two terms there will be nothing left for his successor to say.

Woodrow Wilson, casting about with a prophetic eye, sees hope for the Democratic party. A motion to mention Mr. Wilson for the presidency is now in order.

Enterprising citizens of Arkansas are advertising their state. They want the general public to know that Senator Jeff Davis is not its only product.

Tradition wins again. A Chicago judge has decided that beating her husband with a rolling pin is one of woman's inalienable rights.

Mae Wood is determined that she shall be known as Tom Platt's widow. She must have an idea that she looks well in black.

That Massachusetts father and his thirty-four children should be in New York to meet Mr. Roosevelt when he returns.

Few people will believe that King Menelik is dead until they see the brass tube that is planted over his grave.

A Wisconsin man says that John D. Rockefeller gave him $1,000,000. Is he sure it wasn't Aunt Hetty Green?

Dr. Wiley says it is a crime to have a cold. There are times when the doctor talks like a college professor.

Mr. Carnegie doesn't let his money do all the talking. Wherever he goes he has considerable to say.

When he likens Cannon to Lincoln is Mr. Carnegie manifesting proper respect for the dead?

"Hell is right here," a New York preacher declared recently. Wonder if he feels at home.

Future of Steam Locomotive.

Engineering Magazine.

The last decade has indeed witnessed a radical development in the American locomotive. Some of the most far-reaching improvements in design have occurred during the last five years. Had any man seriously prophesied five years ago that we should have locomotives running on our roads with 16 wheels connected he would have been a target for ridicule and, probably, his sanity would have been a matter of investigation. Today it would be a bold man who could venture a conjecture as to where the increase is to stop.

That the Mallet type of engine is to be the freight locomotive of the future seems reasonably certain. In passenger service there are several lines of development possible. That some form of balanced engine will be required for high speed seems probable. Whether the balanced engine shall be a four-cylinder compound or a three or four-cylinder simple engine using superheated steam, time alone can show.

One thing is certain: In spite of the predictions of those who would have us believe electricity to be the power of the future, the steam locomotive must remain the principal factor in long-distance land transportation for many years to come. The introduction of the large Mallet engine has robbed the electrical advocates of one of their stock arguments, that we have arrived at the limit of size and capacity in the steam locomotive.

Gladstone as Prime Minister.

London Evening Standard.

In the course of a description of the monuments of Westminster Abbey before the London Geographical society, Lord Eversley pointed out that he not only selected the Beaconsfield site in the sacred edifice, but he wrote the epitaph. It read: "Erected by parliament in memory of Lord Beaconsfield, twice prime minister." He remembered at the time that in one speech Lord Beaconsfield had made he referred with great pride to his having been twice prime minister. When he showed the inscription to Mr. Gladstone, the latter said: "Twice prime minister; that's no great distinction." He (Lord Eversley) had looked up the names of several who had been twice prime minister, and one who had been prime minister three times. That was Lord Derby. By way of finishing the conversation with Mr. Gladstone—it was during his second ministry—he said to the prime minister: "I hope you will beat Lord Derby's record." Mr. Gladstone quickly retorted: "That's an impossibility; this is my last ministry. A man must be mad to think I shall ever be prime minister after this ministry is over." Mr. Gladstone, however, was prime minister twice after that.

Carnegie on Post Mortem Wealth.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

It is indeed refreshing in these days of suspicion and objurgation to find Mr. Carnegie cheerily advocating the forfeiture of one-half of a multi-millionaire's fortune to the State upon his leave-taking from this world. Coming from a poor man the idea would be proclaimed socialistic, radical, revolutionary; but from the lips of the ironmaster it may be either a long and deep look into the customs of the future, or only gentle irony.

Mr. Carnegie is in no sense an ordinary multi-millionaire. He owns vast steel interests, yet he advocates abolition of a protective tariff on steel; his mills turn out armor, yet he urges universal peace; he says he hopes to die poor and gives away his millions, yet he remains rich; he doesn't believe in an income tax, because, he urges, it will make a nation of liars, yet he advocates the forfeiture of one-half his own fortune upon his death.

Mr. Carnegie's proposed method of aiding the nation by posthumously giving up one-half his fortune is in marked contrast with that of Mr. Rockefeller, who seeks to establish a charitable fund in perpetuity under the protecting wing of a Federal charter. Can it be that the iron-master is quietly "knocking" the oil king's remarkable project?

SUNDAY SCHOOL

CHANGING A BILLION MINDS

International Sunday School Lesson for April 10 Is, "Freely Ye Received, Freely Give." Matt. 9:35—10:15, 40-42.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

This is a timely lesson. It will be studied with especial zeal by the more than 20,000,000 members of the Sunday school the world around, because of the widespread quickening of interest in foreign missions. This story, the Sending of the Twelve, marks the beginning of the modern movement for world-evangelization. Even now, as then, the immensity and ultimate reaches of the project were not fully understood.

Glibly we repeat the Teacher's familiar words, "The harvest is great." But we do not comprehend. Stated in present-day, untechnical language, this means that the minds of a billion persons must be changed. No Caesar or Alexander or Napoleon ever essayed any task one-thousandth part as stupendous. This billion persons comprise two-thirds of the human race; the other third being nominally Christian—Greek Catholic, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Nestorian, Coptic, Armenian, etc.

Unable to comprehend a billion, we must seek for some partial analogy which we can grasp. Consider the intensity, the cost and the methods, of the recent British elections, designed to alter the opinions of a few millions of men upon merely political issues. Increase the importance of the issue a thousandfold, and the number of persons needed to swell the population of the British Isles up to the requisite thousand million, and we have some faint perception of what is involved in the task first given to the Twelve by Jesus.

The Evil of the Epigram.

The cocksureness of the modern westerner makes him ready to accept jauntily any task, without waiting to discover its magnitude. Jesus saw that "The harvest is great"—how great, he alone knew. Men who think in terms of villages or cities or states, when moved by impassioned missionary oratory (especially when they have shared a banquet with several hundred other men), do not hesitate airily to undertake "the evangelization of the world in this generation." They have no conception at all of what is involved. Eloquence, epigrams, word-pictures, subtle flattery, have moved their emotions; consequently, in their ignorance, they assume that a few more dollars, and a modicum of their excxellent brain-power, will do the task. The watchword of the Laymen's Movement is, "We can do it, and we will."

The evil of epigrams is that they usually are not more than half true. Frankly, it is beyond the might and millions of the massed men of Christendom to win the world for Christ. That is a spiritual enterprise, chiefly dependent upon spiritual means. So the great Leader's first instruction was, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest." The self-confident church today should boast less and think more; devote less time to posing and parading over missions, and more to praying. A better form of the self-confident motto, "We can do it, and we will" is "He can do it, if we will." Better is the word of divine wisdom, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, said the Lord of hosts." Only in that mood dare the church confront, as well it is seeming world with its myriads and millions, which is so much vaster than most imaginative of us comprehends.

The Compassionate Heart.

The immediate cause for the sending out of the Twelve, as for all missions, was compassion for the crowd. Only great hearts have this quality. Jesus possessed it supremely. The nearer men approach to God-likeness, the more capable they become of loving the world. It is Christianity that has studied world maps, and made the pioneer peoples; only heathen become hermit nations. Love for mankind in the mass, expressed by the service of the individual, is a distinctively Christian trait. Only Christianity preaches a world-gospel.

The record says that when Jesus "saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a shepherd." The old manuscript, says Dr. James I. Vance, renders the passage, "He saw them as sheep with the fleece torn off, bleeding and unable to rise up." This eye for the needs of mankind, this tender shepherd heart, is one of the marks of the Lord Jesus. It should characterize all who minister in his name. There have been noble illustrations of it in certain pastors of downtown churches. They have seen their old parishioners moving away, and an alien population coming in; but they have not been stampeded into seeking better posts for themselves. Instead, their compassion for the multitude has only burned the brighter. In all kinds of people they have discerned the sheep whom the Good Shepherd loves.

A Man's Great Work.

When a man is appointed town postmaster, or gets another government position, or is promoted in business, his friends throng him with congratulations. When a man or woman goes forth as a missionary it is in some places the usage for the family to expect condolences. The greatest honor is to be called to the greatest service; and supreme service is spiritual. They help mankind best who help it to become most blest. There was held in Bridgeport, Conn., a few days ago the celebration of the ninetieth birthday anniversary of Fanny Crosby, who is only a homely little blind woman, of unpretentious domestic ways; but who has written hundreds of songs that have uplifted the hearts of millions of Christians, all around the world. Her touch has been felt by thousands who never heard of Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft.

These 12 men whom Jesus appointed as his representatives to carry the Good News, were all but one commonplace Galileans, and that one, from orthodox Judea, was the traitor, Judas. Now, because they linked their lives to the spiritual mission of Jesus, they are immortal names, honored by hundreds of millions. Let us tabulate them:

Simon Peter;
Andrew;
James;
John;
Philip.
Bartholomew;
Thomas;
Matthew;
James, son of Alpheus;
Thaddeus;
Simon the Zealot;
Judas Iscariot.

Forever these rude men, mostly fishermen, typify the greatness which comes by identification with a great cause. They undertook to exalt the Good News, and, in the Good News exalted them. There is this New Testament warrant for the belief that the new devotion for the cause of missions, on the part of the laity of today, is going to lift these men into a loftier, broader, nobler life, above the meanness and sordidness and self-centeredness of the old engrossment in business.

The Business of Gospeling.

All of life has become more complex since the Twelve went forth without purse or scrip. Missions is now an intricate business and a special science. It is also a recognized profession. While this is to a degree necessary, there is always the peril of too much machinery and too many accessories. While some missionaries have erred on the side of trying to live too meanly, like the natives, others have erred in building too big homes for themselves and too expensive equipment for their work. The idea that the missionary must "impress" the native by his state, wealth and power is entirely fallacious.

The "business" note is heard too much in modern missionary meetings. Money is overstressed and made too often the measure of success. This task is not a business task primarily. The peril of professional and perfunctory boardism always besets it. The churches should be resolute in dealing summarily with any mission board or society into which nepotism or ecclesiastical politics has put clerkly-minded secretaries, intent chiefly on their own reputation, dignity and authority. The professional promoter of missions is always susceptible of the danger of forgetting the field in its verity, and of being influenced by considerations less impersonal and altruistic.

A great missionary—one aflame with that loving compassion for human beings which differentiates his Master from all other teachers—is of more value than a merely mechanical institution. Mission schools are necessary, mission hospitals are necessary, and mission presses are necessary—but before all these, and above them all, stands the man or woman afire with desire to tell the Story. A young Philadelphian, of good family, is living and laboring up in the northwest provinces of India as a religious teacher—a sort of mendicant friar—and his poverty, his gentle and self-forgetting helpfulness win an entrance for the Message into the hearts of the natives who have given no hearing to the more conventional forms of missions. The nearer the work is kept to the apostolic method, the greater its success. For, after all, and after all, it is not by cunning of the twentieth century devices that the world is to be won to Christ, but by what Paul called "the foolishness of preaching."

The Two Prayers.

Lord! when they came and stood upon my way
With "One is dead," I paused a while to pray
In brief thanksgiving that I still did live
On the good earth that had so much to give.
Through my sweet garden softly did I go
To lift some lily's head that hung too low,
Or bind a rebel rose that sought to stray
Across my path. More dear were they today
When I did live who might as lief be dead.
"Was ever world so fair?" I whisp'ring said.
"Thank God! for eyes, for ears, for strength, for breath,
All that he hath not who hath tasted death."

But when they went in silence, to my heart
Their pity pierced, then came the poisoned dart,
With "He is dead," I flung me low to pray,
"Lord, I have watched through the uncertain day
When he was far, and ev'ry throbbing hour,
Half lost in fear the joy of bird or flower,
And new alarm I found, did some sharp cry
Come from the street, or did a foot pass by
Swift in its going, all did threaten him.
Hear me, O Lord! who sips at sorrow's brim.
Take thou these eyes, these ears, this strength, this breath,
All that he hath not who hath tasted death."

—Dora Sigerson Shorter, in Spectator.

The Edge of Things

In a meeting of the Young Men's Christian association workers of Philadelphia and vicinity, held a few days ago, Robert B. Adams, introduced the speaker of the evening by saying: "Dear ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing to you this evening Dr. DeWitt Talmage, of the Chambers-Wylie church, this city, who will speak to you on the subject of 'Grit and Gumption.'"

Dr. Talmage sprang to his feet in a moment and shouted:

"I am glad that for once I have been introduced rightly in my own name; I generally get before the public as being the 'son of my father.'"

He added:

"It reminds me of a story a friend of my father told me. He said he was riding along in a train through New York state a few years ago in the same coach as my father. Suddenly a drunken man came in from the smoking car, and, spying my father, rushed at him, extending his hand, saying: 'Don't you know me? I know you well. I know your Frank. I'm a member of Frank's church.' My father said to the man after he had got these sentences from his system:

"'My dear sir, you have the best of me; I don't know you.' He then gave his name to my father, and continued by saying, 'Yes, Dr. Talmage, I do know your Frank; he converted me.'

"My father answered in definite tone: 'You look like the usual job that Frank does.'"

Just before the American fleet left for that trip around the world there was some newspaper talk of a possible clash with Japan. The yarn goes that a highly placed person asked Admiral Schroeder, in the course of a chat, what he would do if the Japs fired on his ship. Schroeder sniffed. "They won't fire on my ship," said he positively. "But if they did?" "Now," said Schroeder, angrily, "if they did, hey? What the dickens do you think I'll do? Sue 'em?"

Collector Loeb, at a dinner in New York, praised a certain customs inspector.

"His success," said Collector Loeb, "is due to his knowledge of human nature. He is like a boy I used to know in Albany.

"This boy got vaccinated on the right arm, and the doctor gave him a red 'I've been vaccinated' ribbon to wear on his coat sleeve. But the lad proceeded to tie the ribbon on his left arm.

"'Why, said the doctor, "you are putting the ribbon on the wrong arm.'

"'No,' said the urchin; 'you don't know the boys at our school.'"

A very subdued-looking boy of about 13 years, with a long scratch on his nose, and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in one of the Boston public schools and handed her a note before taking his seat, says Lippincott's. The note was as follows:

Miss B——

Please excuse James for not being thare yesterday. He played troosant, but I guess you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played troosant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught him an' licked him, an' the driver of a sled they hung on to licked him also. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another one for sassing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him till next time. I guess he thinks he better keep in school hereafter.

A well-known New York character is Sam Wellington, a colored man known as the "duke," says Judge. The duke is a fine cook and often accompanies camping parties. Last fall a party of young men Sam was with decided to scare him with an apparition. Leaving the tent in his charge one night, on a pretense of going to the village, one of the party quietly returned enveloped from head to foot in a sheet and with face well covered with flour. He took his stand in the doorway. Suddenly Sam looked up, and emitting one horrible yell, dove through the rear of the tent and went down the road at a terrible pace. The ghost pursued. After about a mile of running the duke was ready to drop and sat down on a log, perspiring freely. The ghost came up and sat down on the same log, puffing and blowing. Absolute silence reigned for a minute and then the ghost remarked in a disgusted voice:

"We went some, didn't we?"

Sam, whose teeth were chattering like castanents, replied:

"Yes; we did go some, an' you jess wait till Ah gets mah breff an' we'll go some more."

During the French Revolution a thief and a marquis jolted in a tumbril side by side through the wild streets of Paris, on the way to the guillotine, while a venerable priest tried to console their terrible last ride with moral reflections.

"A bas la noblesse! Down with the aristocrats!" shouted the red-capped mob. Thereupon the thief rose in the cart and cried:

"My friends, you deceive yourself. I am not an aristocrat. I am a thief." The priest plucked him by the sleeve, saying reproachfully:

"Sit down. This is no time for vanity!"

A colored minister in a southern town was much moved by the grief af a woman whose late husband had just been interred, says Harper's Weekly.

"My sister," same in solemn tones from the clergyman, "I knows dat dis is a great grief dat's overtaken you'. All de same, though you is compelled to mourn the loss of dis one who was yo' companion an' partner in life, I consoles yo' wif de assurance dat dere is anudder who sympathizes wif yo' an' seeks to embrace yo' in de arms o' unfailin' love."

The widow looked up at him through her tears. "Who is he?" she finally asked.

Varieties

Australasia embraces 3,288,000 square miles.

Rats are eaten by the natives of northern Australia.

Printed musical notes were first made use of in 1473.

Lake Superior is 390 miles long, the longest of the great lakes.

Eggs from the United States are sent to Europe and the Philippines.

British India has more goats than any other country—30,000,000 in all.

There is no tide at New Orleans, at Eastport, Me., it is 19 feet.

The administration of police and justice for a year costs oLndon $10,000,000.

Venezuela is establishing wireless stations and using American apparatus.

A web two and a quarter miles long has been taken from the body of a spider.

For extinguishing fires the London brigade last year used 11,375,000 gallons of water.

Not more than 6per cent of the natives of British India can read and write their own language.

It is estimated that the total number of pigs in the world is 150,000,000, and of sheep 580,000,000.

The total number of useful domestic animals on the globe is believed to be about 1,600,000,000.

In 1890 one could buy in the Philippines 32 pineapples for 20 cents. The price has since doubled.

Aden makes 10,000,000 cigarets a year at a very low cost of production. Wages are 16 cents a day.

All the large match factories of Germany have pooled their issues under an agreement binding until 1920.

In the United States the percentage of railroads which are not engaged in carriage of the mails is very small.

Ireland's wheat yield is 37¾ bushels per acre, which is nearly five bushels an acre better than that of Great Britain.

The most expensive publication in New York, with the least income, is the City Record, which costs yearly $1,180,000.

The first bituminous coal mined in the United States was found near Richmond, Va., early in the eighteenth century.

The Paris Louvre has more money at its disposal for acquiring new pictures than any other gallery in the world.

A flexible rubber mouthpiece for telephones is a novelty, the idea being to prevent breakage should a desk instrument be upset.

Among all their palaces and castles is Balmoral that the members of the British royal family have always looked upon as their home.

Within five years Uraguay will have 140,000 olives trees, capable of producing 2,000,000 pounds of olives and 5,000 gallons of oil.

A motor boat invented by a Wisconsin man, and found practicable, is mounted catamaran fashion, in two narrow hulls which are kept filled with air.

The canal theory of Mars is opposed by the Swedish savant, Arrhenius, who thinks the phenomena observed are huge clefts in the surface of the planet.

Professor Blondel, of Paris, has made improvements in the wireless telephone which make conversation possible at a distance of 400 kilometers.

The Honduras monetary commission recommends the adoption of the gold standard. Practically no gold is in circulation at present, but much is exported.

In Sweden nearly 120,000,000 crowns worth of alcoholic drinks are consumed annually, whereby the national treasury profits to the extent of 45,000,000 crowns.

Hood shaped headgear has been devised for torpedo boat crews, affording protection for the eyes and shielding the ears from the wind caused by the high speed.

Fifteen American consulates in France report $133,000,000 worth of shipments to the United States in 1909, against $91,000,000 worth in 1908. Paris leads with $66,000,000.

Since coffee labels have been required to tell the truth, there is only one pound of Mocha coffee sold in New York where there were half a hundred pounds sold before.

Riga, Russia, population 355,000, is to have a new central passenger station with approaches, an improved custom house quay, harbor extension and

$5.00 Safety Razor Almost Given Away

If you still cling to the old fashioned hit and scratch Razor, you are certainly missing the comforts of Shaving. Grains Safety Quick Shaver does the work of the best high priced safety razor at one-tenth the cost. In style, appearance, quality, materials, durability, it is equal to any $5.00 Safety outfit on the market. Its blades are of the best steel procurable. They are tempered, ground and honed to the keenest edge, hair-tested before leaving factory, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. You must see this Modern Barber to appreciate its value. You must use it to enjoy its comforts. It's something entirely new in the Safety Razor line. Different and better than most any other $5.00 safety razor on the market, no matter what the price.

In Order to Quickly Introduce in Every City, Town and Hamlet in the United States.

Special Advertising Offer

To introduce Grains Safety Quick Shaver in your locality, we offer to every reader of this paper the complete $5.00 outfit for almost nothing. Send us only **ninety-seven cents** AT ONCE and we will promptly send you, entirely prepaid, the Grains Safety Quick Shaver Outfit, complete, including the high-polish, silver Blade Retainer, Stropper Handle and Holder and a full set of blades all in a fine leather finished case, as handsome an outfit as money can put up. Remember this Special Advertising Offer is for a short time only.

Send TODAY. Shave yourself TOMORROW and every day with a Grains Safety Quick Shaver that does not Cut, Scrape or Mar the face. A razor that is sold at a price within the reach of all.

All you need do is to refer to this advertisement, enclosing **ninety-seven cents** with your name and full address and the complete Grains Safety Outfit exactly as described will be sent at once entirely prepaid. L. C. Grains Co., 1606 Pontiac Building, Chicago, Ill.

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Just a small remittance each month—whatever you can conveniently spare—and the beautiful homefurnishings that you select are easily paid for. Goods are promptly shipped and you may take from 10 to 30 months in which to settle for them. It's the most liberal and most convenient credit service given by any homefurnishing concern on the American continent. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit—no interest—no extras of any kind.

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Our Big New Catalog tells all about this most worthy plan of monthly payments. Write for the catalog and learn how easy we'll make it for you—no matter what your income may be—to have everything you want for your home. This great catalog is beautifully illustrated, a considerable portion of it being reproduced in colors. It quotes factory prices on Furniture, Rugs, Carpets, Stoves, Pianos, Go-Carts, Refrigerators, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Crockery, Clocks, etc., etc.

SOLID OAK KITCHEN CABINET No. 11 $12.75

Large and roomy, has cupboards, drawers, bins and sliding boards as shown; stands 70 inches high and is 38 inches wide; extra well made. Number 11. [*Terms $2 cash, $1 monthly*]

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Largest, oldest and best known homefurnishing concern in America—established 1855—55 years of success—22 great stores throughout the United States—capital and surplus larger than that of any other similar concern in America.

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ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1071 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

WON'T PUNISH FOR CONTEMPT

Judge Refuses to Act in Sugar Trust Case.

New York, April 4.—United States Judge Lacomb today refused to punish the American Sugar Refining Co. for contempt of court. The government had asked that the corporation be declared in contempt for refusing to produce its books before the grand jury investigating the sugar underweighing frauds, in response to a subpoena directed to the company and served upon its secretary.

ROOSEVELT IS HONORED

By King Emanuel, but Refuses to Visit Pope—Will Not Be Bound by Conditions.

Rome, April 4.—King Victor Emmanuel received Mr. Roosevelt at the Quirinal today. The occasion afforded opportunity for another exhibition of the admiration of the public for the former president and the popular interest in his every movement.

The hour of his reception being known, a considerable number of persons gathered to greet him on his way from the hotel to the royal palace. As he was alighting from his carriage at the quirinal the cuirassiers forming the bodyguard of the king gave him a military salute. A footman in blue velvet knickerbockers and red coat covered with gold lace preceded Mr. Roosevelt to the ante-chamber of His Majesty where he was received by Rear Admiral Garelli, aide on duty, Count Tozzoni and Duke Cito, masters of ceremonies.

Immediately afterwards the distinguished guest was escorted to the door of the king's apartment, which when thrown open revealed His Majesty standing with arms outstretched and with a smile upon his lips. His Majesty wore the uniform of a general of the Italian army. His words of welcome, spoken in excellent English, were cordial. King Victor and Mr. Roosevelt shook hands heartily, the monarch inviting the former president to sit at his side. The door of the apartment was then closed and the two remained in private conversation for about three-quarters of an hour.

King Extremely Cordial.

Mr. Roosevelt, it is said, expressed the pleasure that he felt in again meeting his majesty following the short interview which they had a year ago at Messina on board the battleship Rex Umberto. The king, it is learend, said he had been waiting with great interest the return of the ex-President, as he had desired to hear from his own lips the report of his African adventures which his majesty had followed as closely as possible.

Mr. Roosevelt gave a brief account of his shooting experiences, and later expressions of friendship on behalf of their respective countries were exchanged, the Italian sovereign reiterating his admiration for America.

Following the audience Mr. Roosevelt said that the king had been so gracious and flattering to him personally and his country that he felt that he should not make public anything concerning their conversation.

The formality of the reception concluded, King Victor personally conducted Mr. Roosevelt to the hall of the palace, where the American inspected the hunting trophies of the king's father and grandfather.

When the time came to say goodbye his majesty invited Mr. Roosevelt to drive with him tomorrow morning. The sovereign explained that though they would dine together at court tonight, he desired to see and talk with his guest further, alone.

Visits the Pantheon.

From the Quirinal Mr. Roosevelt drove to the Pantheon. Beyond the charm of its ancient memories, this spot is sacred, as it contains the tombs of Raphael, King Victor Emmanuel II., the "father of his country," and King Humbert. At the entrance to the temple Mr. Roosevelt was saluted by the veterans of the wars of Italian independence who for 32 years have guarded night and day the tomb of their chief. The guest shook hands with each of the veterans, congratulating them upon the honorable duty in which they were engaged and saying that he had wished not to leave Rome without paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the founder of the United Italy. He brought two wreaths, which were placed upon the tombs of Victor Emmanuel II.

Mr. Roosevelt was received formally by Dr. C. Ricci, director general of the department of fine arts, who represent the ministry of instruction. Others present were Mgr. Beccaria, royal chaplain of the Pantheon; Commander Andrew T. Long, American naval attache; Prof. Jesse B. Carter, director of the American school of classical studies at Rome, and several other Americans. Rain was falling at the time, but outside the Pantheon a large crowd had gathered, and as Mr. Roosevelt left the place he was cheered.

A pleasing incident at the Pantheon was a chance meeting between Mr. Roosevelt and the Queen Dowager Margarita, who detained the former president in conversation for some moments.

WON'T VISIT POPE

Rome, April 4.—The determination of Mr. Roosevelt to forego an audience with Pope Pius X., rather than subscribe to the conditions imposed by the vatican, has created a sensation. This unfortunate and unexpected incident overshadows every other feature of the distinguished American's visit to the Eternal City.

Mr. Roosevelt insists that the incident be treated as purely personal and earnestly hopes that it will not give rise to any bitterness. He appreciates the attitude of the vatican, but feels that as a free American citizen he cannot consistently take any action that might be construed as involving a limitation of the freedom of his personal conduct. He had made no engagement to address the Methodists or other religious bodies of Rome, but at the same time thinks that he should not make promises as to what he will or will not do. It would appear today that, so far as the Vatican and Mr. Roosevelt are concerned, the incident is closed.

The news that the former president had abandoned his proposed visit to the vatican reached the morning papers very late, but made a deep impression. The Messagero, an anti-Clerical organ, alone comments editorially upon the matter. This paper says:

"When the news was spread it was received with incredulity, many regarding it as a malicious fabrication of the enemies of the Catholic church, but when confirmed it produced comment disastrous to the vatican. Men of every religion daily visit the pope without first giving the itinerary of the churches which they intend to visit. Why should the vatican require Mr. Roosevelt to ignore the churches of his own religion during his short stay in Rome? The incident will not add to the diplomatic fame of the pope's advisers. Mr. Roosevelt as the head of the great American republic followed the principle enunciated by Premier Luzzatti, 'a free church under a sovereign state.'"

The Messagero places the responsibility for what it terms a "blunder" on the pope's entourage, continuing: "For it is a blunder to ask a certificate of acceptability from a man illustrious everywhere for his intelligence and the nobleness of his life. The liberty which Mr. Roosevelt is defending for all he could not renounce for himself."

After pointing out that a non-possums could have been given without an exchange of notes, the paper declares that the whole incident furnishes new proof of the "imperious intransigentism of Cardinal Merry del Val," and adds: "Could Mr. Roosevelt, a free citizen of his own country, renounce his liberty in Rome for the sake of an audience with the pope? It is time that the advisers of the pope should understand that a certain imposition cannot be exacted."

Asked for Audience.

While at Gondokoro, in February last, Mr. Roosevelt wrote to Ambassador Lieshman, saying that he would be glad of the honor of an audience with King Victor Emmanuel and the Pope. The audience with the king was promptly arranged. Before an arrangement could be reached relative to an audience with the Pope, several telegrams were passed, and the negotiations were ended by Mr. Roosevelt refusing in any way to be limited as to his conduct, and announcing that an audience with the Pope, under the circumstances, was now impossible.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt, while declining to accept any conditions in connection with his audience with the Pope, had neither directly nor indirectly, before, during or after the negotiations, made or considered any engagements in Rome except those of an official character, and he actually entered Rome with but two definite engagements, the audience with the king and the dinner to be given in his honor by the municipality.

While at Cairo Mr. Roosevelt received the following telegram from Ambassador Leishman, dated March 23: "Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the American Catholic college, in reply to an inquiry which I caused to be made, requests that the following communication be transmitted to you: 'The Holy Father will be delighted to grant an audience to Mr. Roosevelt on April 5, and hopes that nothing will arise to prevent it, such as the much regretted incident which made the reception of Mr. Fairbanks impossible.'"

It will be remembered that Mr. Fairbanks made an address in a Methodist church while here.

Replying by cable to Ambassador Leishman on March 25, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Please present the following to Mgr. Kennedy: 'It would be a real pleasure to me to be presented to the Holy Father, for whom I entertain high respect, both personally and as the head of a great church. I fully recognize his entire right to receive or not receive whomsoever he chooses, for any reason that seems good to him, and if he does not receive me I shall not for a moment question the propriety of his action. On the other hand, I, in my turn, must decline to make any stipulations or submit to any conditions, which in any way would limit my freedom of conduct. I trust that on April 5 he will find it convenient to receive me.'"

On March 28, Mr. Roosevelt at Cairo received a cablegram from Ambassador Leishman giving a message from Mgr. Kennedy, which concluded by saying:

"The audience cannot take place except on the understanding expressed in the former message."

The following day Mr. Roosevelt sent another message to the American ambassador, saying: "The proposed presentation is of course now impossible."

Statement to the Public.

Mr. Roosevelt particularly desires that the incident shall be regarded by his friends, both Catholic and Protestant, in America, as personal and that it shall not give rise to an acrimonious controversy. With this end in view, he cabled the following to Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of The Outlook, at New York:

"Through The Outlook I wish to make a statement to my fellow Americans regarding what has occurred in connection with the Vatican. I am sure that the great majority of my fellow citizens, Catholics quite as much as Protestants, will feel that I acted in the only way possible for an American to act, and because of this very fact I most earnestly hope that the incident will be treated in a matter of course way as merely personal, and, above all, as not warranting the slightest exhibition of rancor or bitterness. Among my best and closest friends are many Catholics. The respect and regard of those of my fellow Americans who are Catholics are as dear to me as the respect and regard of those who are Protestants. On my journey through Africa I visited many Catholic as well as many Protestant missions. As I look forward to telling the people at home all that has been done by Protestants and Catholics alike, as I saw it, in the field of missionary endeavor, it would cause me a real pang to have anything said or done that would hurt or give pain to my friends, whatever their religious belief. But any merely personal considerations are of no consequence in this matter. The important consideration is the avoidance of harsh and bitter comment such as may excite mistrust and anger between and among men.

"The more an American sees of other countries the more profound must be his feelings of gratitude that in his own land there is not merely complete toleration, but the heartiest good will and sympathy between sincere and honest men of different faiths—good will and sympathy so complete that in the innumerable daily relations of our American life Catholics and Protestants meet together and work together without thoughts of the difference of creed being ever present in their minds.

"This is a condition so vital to our national well being that nothing should be permitted to jeopardize it. Bitter comment and criticism, acrimonious attack and defense, are not only profitless, but harmful, and to seize upon such an incident as this as an occasion for controversy would be wholly indefensible and should be frowned upon by Catholics and Protestants alike, and all good Americans."

OFFICIALS AT VATICAN EXPLAIN THEIR ACTION

Rome, April 4.—At the vatican great surprise was expressed when it was learned that Mr. Roosevelt had given out the text of the messages exchanged by Msgr. Kennedy and the American ambassador, as they were regarded by the vatican in the light of diplomatic documents.

Msgr. Kennedy explained that on March 21 John W. Garrett, first secretary of the embassy, called upon him to "transmit" Mr. Roosevelt's request for an audience with the pontiff on April 5. He said that Mr. Garrett insisted upon the word "transmit." Msgr. Kennedy informed the secretary that he would immediately present the request to the proper vatican authorities, and promised a response as soon as possible.

"The following day," said Msgr. Kennedy. "I was authorized to send to Mr. Roosevelt the first message which is quoted in his statement. The reference to the Fairbanks incident was intended only as a friendly intimation. Notice that my second message is not fully given. It ran thus: 'His holiness will be much pleased to grant an audience to Mr. Roosevelt, for whom he entertains great esteem, both personally and as president of the United States. His holiness quite recognizes Mr. Roosevelt's entire right to freedom in conduct. On the other hand, in view of the circumstances, for which neither his holiness nor Mr. Roosevelt is responsible, an audience could not occur except on the understanding expressed in the former message.'

"After this no further communication reached me from Mr. Roosevelt."

It appears that John O'Laughlin, who was assistant secretary of state in 1909, and a great personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt, attempted to intercede with Cardinal Merry Del Val. The following semi-official version of what transpired has been furnished to the Associated Press by a vatican authority:

Cardinal Merry Del Val said to Mr. O'Laughlin: "Can you guarantee that Mr. Roosevelt will not visit the Methodists here?"

Mr. O'Laughlin replied: "I cannot. Indeed, I believe that Mr. Roosevelt is just the man to go there. He will do as he pleases."

"It is indefensible," said the papel secretary, "for any person to ask to be received by a great personage whose feelings he would be unwilling to respect."

In the course of further conversation the cardinal declared that no court in Europe granted unrestricted audiences. "Mr. Roosevelt himself," said the cardinal, "when he was president, declined to receive persons unconditionally at the White House."

Without giving the name of the person the cardinal recalled a case where President Roosevelt, having been erroneously informed that a certain person was visiting him by the authority of the vatican, immediately sent a cabinet officer to the apostolic delegate at Washington to inform the delegate that he could not receive this personage, but he meant no discourtesy to the pope by his refusal. The pontiff, when informed of this, replied: "I esteem President Roosevelt more than ever."

Returning to the present incident, Cardinal Merry Del Val remarked: "It is not in any sense a question of religion. Mr. Rosevelt might have gone to an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, or any other church except the Methodist, and delivered an address there and he would have been received by the pope even on the same day, but he could not be received when it was suspected that after the audience he intended to go to the Methodist church in Rome, which is carrying a most offensive campaign of calumny and detraction against the pontiff."

The papal secretary even recognized Mr. Roosevelt's right to claim the privilege of visiting the Methodists the day after the audience, on condition that he, Merry Del Val, had received private assurances that he would not actually do so.

The vatican emphasizes the statement that it did not receive from the American embassy any notification of Mr. Roosevelt's final message that an audience had become impossible.

After being apprised of the contents of the vatican's statement it was explained on Mr. Roosevelt's behalf that his final message had not been communicated to the vatican because Msgr. Kennedy's second telegram was all of the matter so far as he was concerned, but that he wished to keep the door open, not for his own sake, but for the sake of the Catholic church in America.

When Mr. O'Laughlin came to Rome it was with the distinct understanding that he did not do so in Mr. Roosevelt's behalf, but in behalf of his co-religionists in America, and that he did not carry any authorization to subtract from or add a word to Mr. Roosevelt's position as defined by his telegram for Msgr. Kennedy.

BALLOON KILLS THREE

Four Men Had Fearful Ride Over the German Ocean.

Stettin, April 4.—Scarcely 24 hours after the accident which cost the life of Herbert Le Blon, the famous French aeronaut, at San Sebastian, Spain, the German balloon Pemmern, Sunday afternoon, hurled three men to their death after a series of startling mishaps.

Among the victims was Werner Hugo Delbrueck, the radical member of the reichstag. He and another member of the ill fated party were drowned. A third occupant of the car was picked up unconscious, only to die from his injuries. The fourth was rescued in a serious condition.

The Pommern, carrying Delbrueck, who was acting as pilot, a banker, Herr Sommelhardt, an architest, Herr Benduhn, and a man named Hein, ascended early in the afternoon at the gas works. The wind at the time was blowing a hurricane, and the Pommern broke away before she had been completely ballasted.

The balloon collided with telegraph wires, which broke, almost overturning the basket. It then dashed into the roof of a neighboring factory, destroying the smokestack. With the basket swaying wildly and half of its ropes cut, the balloon soared to a great altitude and disappeared in the clouds at a terrific rate of speed.

Spectators including a detachment of militia, which had assisted in the ascent, ran along the roads, expecting the basket to break away. The balloon, however, was not seen again until it reached Swinemunde, 36 miles northwest of Stettin, over which it passed ata height of 6,000 feet, in the direction of the sea.

Tugs followed in its track and one of them, which had outdistanced the others, was almost directly under it when suddenly the balloon fell into the sea. The tug steamed to the spot quickly, but the work of rescue was difficult. Already Delbrueck and Benduhn had disappeared, but Sommelhardt and Hein were clinging to the ropes and they were dragged aboard the vessel. Hein died soon after being taken on the tug, and Delbrueck's body was washed ashore last evening.

The Death of Le Blon.

San Sebastian, April 4.—Hubert Le Blon, who, prior to his taking up aeroplaning, was a noted automobilist, was killed when making an exhibition flight here Saturday. He was circling the Royal Palace of Miramar, at a height of 140 feet, when his motor broke down. He attempted to glide back to the shed, but the machine turned, however, and swooped with terrific force against the rocks. The aviator was crushed like a shell.

Le Blon distinguished himself as an aeroplanist by beating the record for five kilometers at the Cairo meeting last February, when he covered the distance in four minutes and two seconds. As an automobilist he took part in the Vanderbilt Cup race over the Long Island course in 1906 and was sixth when the race was called. He took part in a number of other big automobile events and usually was well up at the finish.

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SHE GOES WHEN SHE'S TOLD

German Cruiser Is Driven Away From Liberia.

Liverpool, March 31.—The German cruiser Sperber, has left Cape Palmas upon the orders of the Liberian authorities according to the latest advices from Liberia. The German commander's offer to land a detachment and quell the outbreak of the natives is said to have so incensed the Liberians that they ordered the Sperber to leave Liberian waters within 36 hours or take the "consequences." The situation between the natives and the Liberian troops is said to be improving.

IRELAND, FALCONIO AND FAIRBANKS COMMENT ON VATICAN INCIDENT

St. Paul, April 4.—Archbishop Ireland, who is an ardent Republican and a warm personal friend of President Roosevelt, after reading the report from Rome concerning the Roosevelt-vatican incident, made the following statement to the Associated Press:

"Before passing judgment on the Roosevelt incident in Rome one should be thoroughly conversant with all attending circumstances, more so, indeed, than the perusal of the quickly prepared despatches appearing in the morning papers seemingly permit. Of one thing I am certain—the Methodist propaganda in Rome is so vile, so calumnious, in its asaults upon the Catholic faith, so dishonest in its methods to win proselytes, that the holy father, the supreme guardian of the faith, is compelled by the vital principles of his high office to avert, at all costs, the slightest movement on his part that might, directly or indirectly be interpreted as abetting the propaganda, or approving, even by implication, its purposes and tactics.

"Since the Fairbanks incident, I have received from Rome most reliable data, that more than justify any statement I have heretofore made, or may at any other time be prepared to make, with regard to this Methodist propaganda. Indeed, the Methodist minister in Rome Rev. Mr. Tipple, in his address the Sunday after the Fairbanks incident, is an all sufficient indication of its rancorous spirit and of the eggregious calumnies to which it resorts. It is as clear as noon-day to those who know the facts in connection with the Methodisto Roman propaganda, that any man, however otherwise worthy and illustrious, giving or likely to give, public recognition of any kind to its work, even to its existence, could not be received by the holy father.

"How far Cardinal Merry del Val had reason to suspect from the movements of the Methodists themselves, or otherwise, that there was peril lest Mr. Roosevelt, even unwittingly, be entangled in their meshes, I am not in position to say. The cardinal is a wise, judicious statesman, and must have well weighed the whole situation before he acted. His words to the agent of The Associated Press deserve consideration. 'It is not,' he said, 'a question of religion.' Mr. Roosevelt might have gone to an Episcopal, Presbyterian, or any other church, except the Methodist, and delivered an address there, and he could have been received by the pope even on the same day. But he could not be received when it was suspected that after the audience with the pope he intended to go to the Methodist church in Rome, which is carrying on a most offensive campaign against the pontiff.

"Nor did my friend, Mr. O'Loughlin, help out the situation when to the Cardinal's question, 'Can you guarantee that Mr. Roosevelt will not visit the Methodists here?' he replied, 'I cannot. Indeed I believe Mr. Roosevelt is just the man to go there. He will do as he pleases.'

"For my part, I differ with Mr. O'Loughlin. I believe that, brought face to face with the situation in Rome, as created by the Methodist propaganda, Mr. Roosevelt would not have addressed the Methodists. He wrote his telegrams in Cairo, away from the seat of war, and refused to bind himself to his movements before he was on the ground. But once in Rome, face to face with the situation, such as his quick intuition into things would have soon revealed it, he would not have thought of leaving the Vatican to repair to the camp of its virulent foes. That is Mr. Roosevelt, as I think I know him. At the same time I comprehend the position from which Cardinal Merry Del Val measured his duty. He had to be guided by the situation as it loomed up around him in Rome; by the knowledge he had of local circumstance. He could take no risk; principle was at stake. And so he demanded assurances that, whatever was likely to happen, the honor of the holy see was safeguarded."

Papal Delegate Talks.

Washington, April 4.—Sharply criticising the work of the Methodist church in Rome as "insulting agitation and offensive proselytism which constitute a real warfare against the pope and the Catholic religion," Mgr. Falconio, papal delegate to the United States, today commented upon the Roosevelt incident with the vatican. The papal delegate declared that neither the pope nor the cardinal's secretary of state was to blame for the situation, which he describes as "the intolerable condition created for the Holy See by the Methodists in Rome."

"So far I have received no communication from Rome," Mgr. Falconio said, "and know only what appears in the public press. It is certain that the pope has the highest esteem for Col. Roosevelt, both as a private individual and as former president of the United States; also that he was looking forward with pleasure to meeting him.

"In the case of Col. Roosevelt, as of Mr. Fairbanks, it was not at all a question of religion, but of self-respect and dignity of the apostolic see. Col. Roosevelt could have gone to any other Protestant church in Rome, and even, as would have appeared from reports, to the Methodists, after his reception by the pope.

"After all that has been said, it is unnecessary to insist that their insulting agitation and offensive proselytism constitute a real warfare against the Holy Father and the Catholic religion and that in the very heart of his ancient and venerable seat. It must be remembered that the Holy Father still considers himself as sovereign ruler, and as such is recognized by other nations. Besides as the head of at least 250,000,000 Catholics he has a right to special consideration and ought himself to be the best judge of what that means. Every government has its etiquette or rules to protect the office and position of its ruler.

"The circumstance that in Rome the Methodists have organized themselves as an anti-vatican party makes it impossible for the Holy Father to recognize them in any way, much less to strengthen them in the eyes of the Catholics of Italy. It is extremely unpleasant, to say the least, that this violent situation should have become public on the occasion of the visit to Rome of distinguished American citizens. However, neither the Holy Father nor the cardinal's secretary of state is to blame for the intolerable condition created for the holy see by the Methodists in Rome."

Statement by Fairbanks.

Indianapolis, April 4.—Former Vice President C. W. Fairbanks, when asked today for an expression of his view of former President Roosevelt's cancellation his appointment with the pope, said:

"No one can question the absolute right of the pope to extend his hospitality to or withhold it from whomsoever he likes. This is a matter which lies wholly in his own discretion. If he prescribes impossible conditions an American may refuse to accept without intent to affront. In fact, no American can accept an audience at the vatican upon the condition that he shall not speak, when, where and to whom he likes regardless of church or creed. The principles of religious liberty so dear to Americans must be upheld by us without faltering, in the interest of Catholics and Protestants alike. It goes without saying that I fully commend Mr. Roosevelt's decision."

Since Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks returned home from their tour of the world, Mr. Fairbanks has been suffering from a severe cold, which has threatened to develop into pneumonia. Because of his indisposition he declined to submit to an extended interview. He said he did not care at this time to recall his own experience at Rome, when, because of his having attended a reception by the Methodist society the invitation extended to him to visit the vatican had been withdrawn by the pope, or his advisors.

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3245—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover and Open Drawers. Muslin, batiste or lawn are most suitable for this model. 6 sizes—34 to 44.

2228—Misses' Semi-Fitting Coat in three-quarter length. Serge, covert cloth or hopsacking are adaptable to this model. 3 sizes—14 to 18 years.

2526—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with plastron front. Batiste will develop best in this style waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3244—Misses' Shirtwaist, with long or three-quarter sleeves. A dainty waist is here shown which will develop well in lawn, Swiss, crepe or China silk. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3238—Girls' and Childs' Rompers, with high or Dutch neck. A comfortable garment for summer wear developed in seersucker, percale or gingham. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

3072—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with removable chemisette. Cashmere or serge will develop well in this model. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

3230—Ladies' Thirteen-Gored Skirt, with alternating gores forming box-plaits. Serge, venetian cloth or Panama cloth will develop to advantage in this model. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

1804—Ladies' Nine-Gored Kilt-Plaited Skirt. This model is adaptable to any material desired. Six sizes, 22 to 32.

2708—Girls' Slips. One with princess front and the other with high neck or low or Dutch round or square neck and long or elbow sleeves. Any sheer material in any desired shade will develop well in this style. Four sizes, 6 to 12 years.

2377—Ladies' Corset Cover. This simple undergarment is adaptable to fine cambric, nainsook or batiste. Eight sizes, 32 to 46.

2792—Ladies' Kimono Wrapper and Sack. A good morning gown developed in flannelette or cretonne. Four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44.

3220—Ladies' Dress, with an Attached Nine-Gored Skirt. An effective model if developed in foulard or any wash material. Five sizes, 32 to 40.

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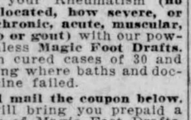

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

ALL OF us are two in one. We may be many-sided. We may be creatures of mercurial moods, but when all is said and done and sifted down, we really have but two sides—the good and the bad.

This is true. You may see it every day if you will take notice of the men and women with whom you come in contact; if you will take notice of yourself.

You attract that which attracts you. If good finds you attractive, it is good that you will see, and hear, and know the most of. This rule works the other way, if you want to know it. One of the most difficult lessons we have to learn is knowledge of self. It may be we shall never know ourselves completely, but it is a simple thing to learn that we are two in one—the good and the bad, and, having learned this, to try to make friends with the good and to cultivate its acquaintance exclusively.

It is far wiser to pay attention to and encourage our good qualities, than it is to dwell remorsefully upon those which are bad. The less attention we pay to our bad side, the smaller it will grow. We emphasize and encourage whatever we think the most of, and when we are thinking bad, when we feel scrappy, suspicious and sure there is no good in either men or women, the worst self is uppermost and is busy coloring our vision.

We often hear the remark: "THERE IS SOME GOOD IN EVERYONE."

This is generally conceded, but how many are there who feel moved to call out the "some good" that lies in everyone?

Take this as an individual responsibility and you will be a strong factor in the world. You will be doing double duty. While you are seeking to call out the good in others, you are calling out the good in yourself. Like seeks like, you know.

Ignorance is back of all sin and sorrow and suffering. In the majority of cases these things spring from the bad side of humanity. Ignorance of self, ignorance of the fact that we are two in one; or if we know it, indifference too often gives the bad self the upper hand, and some one always pays the penalty.

You know without telling, that while your bad self is in possession you are miserable. You know without telling, that bad temper in another awakens bad temper or resentment in yourself. You know without telling, that a pleasant greeting brings from you a like response. Without being told, you know if you have the feeling you are held in good opinion, you are going to do your best to clinch and hold fast the truth of this opinion, and knowing all this, don't you see where your individual responsibility comes in? It's your business to be IT. I'll tell you here and now, it is no easy task to perform. You can complete it, if you will, but don't forget in the process to keep your heart warm, your sympathy alive and intolerance entirely outside of your calculations.

One clean, honest, upright, kindly life is of infinite benefit, no matter how obscure it may be. None is so humble he does not count.

ONE CLEAN, HONEST, UPRIGHT, KINDLY LIFE PLACED IN A POSITION WHERE IT INFLUENCES THE MANY, IS OF PRICELESS VALUE.

KEEP YOUR GOOD SELF UPPERMOST AND YOU WILL BRING THE GOOD SELF UPPERMOST IN OTHERS.

This is the greatest of our individual responsibilities.

IN THE northern part of Ohio, on the shores of a beautiful bay whose waters flow into Lake Erie, is a pretty town named Sandusky. Doubtless you have heard of it before, as it came to stay, a good many years ago. It is rather an interesting old place, and at present one of its special points of interest is its curfew.

In this case the curfew, instead of being a bell, is a steam whistle which mounts toward high heaven from the roof of the water works building. This whistle has a far-reaching, powerful and most doleful sound. It is the fire alarm, as well as the curfew. Its note is akin to the note of the fog sirens that give the danger signal to the sailors of the sea. If you are anywhere in town you cannot escape the sound of its mournful wail, when it is set a-blowing.

The way it happened to be a curfew is this: The club women of Sandusky, knowing that it is not well for children to roam the streets at night, set the curfew movement on foot and agitated it with such good effect that, within the past few months, the council passed the curfew ordinance, the mayor approved it, and now the curfew blows.

Every night, promptly at a quarter to 9 by the big town clock in the tower of Sandusky's court house, the whistle sends out its cry over the town, telling all children under 16 years of age, unaccompanied by parents, parent or some kind of a guardian, that they must start for home and be here by 9 o'clock or run the risk of being "put in the lock-up." Promptly at 9 the whistle blows again and speaks its ultimatum.

The curfew and the threat it makes of policemen and lock-ups are having their effect. When the first whistle blows, the children who are out unattended start for home and go a-running.

One small boy who was given to nocturnal rambling, being of an inquiring disposition without doubt, posed as being Johnny Unafraid, but he was under the home rooftree promptly at 8 o'clock when the curfew law was first put in operation.

"I'll not bail you out if you get in the lock-up," his father told him. "If you are out late enough to be arrested you needn't send for me," was his ultimatum, so Johnny Unafraid runs home ahead of time, or at least he did in the beginning. It may be his terror has worn away with the newness of the curfew custom.

The present high city official in Sandusky, Mayor Lehrer, is apparently a man who will not be coerced and is opposed to lax government.

"You'll never be elected again," some one told him, speaking with reference to his strict adherence to the letter of laws, grown somewhat rusty from lack of practice.

"Well," he returned, "I'll BE mayor while I AM mayor."

He is probably part of the reason why the curfew blows in Sandusky, and why the children go home a-running, when the water works whistle speaks its piece.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning are taken from the letters written to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself:

SUNDAY

No matter how dark the way may be, remember that all things work together for good to those that love God.—Blue Eyes of Missouri.

MONDAY

I know my dear old mother is waiting with Jesus to welcome me home, and may God help me to raise my little children in the way they should go.—Sister, Tennessee.

TUESDAY

The children, passing to and fro, keep us company with their happy faces and merry laughter.—M. W., West Virgina.

WEDNESDAY

I love to work outdoors. I love to go to the woods in springtime and gather the flowers that grow in the shade. — Trying to be Contented, Pennsylvania.

THURSDAY

Girls who work out, dislike being called "hired girls." Why not say "my girl," or "our girl?" I think we should treat them as we would like to have our own daughters treated were they obliged to work for someone else.—Mrs. A. A. B., Ohio.

FRIDAY

I was brought up in the old school and taught that to slight one's work was a sin and a shame, but I believe one can be too particular about trifles, as well as too careless. — Aunt Judy, Michigan.

SATURDAY

If you are so busy that it is impossible to keep your whole house neat and tidy, try getting at least a part of the rooms in good shape. Keep them that way, and see if you cannot work better. — A Young Housewife, West Virginia.

BROWN COOKIES

The one who sends this, says it is a tested recipe which she has used for years:

One cup granulated sugar, one cup sorghum molasses, one cup butter and lard or good drippings, three eggs; if a large cup is used to measure with, two if a small one; one heaping teaspoon soda, two rounding spoonfuls baking powder. Use any preferred spices.

Beat sugar, molasses and butter, or drippings, to a cream, then add flour to thicken, mixed with soda, baking powder and spices.

Turn batter into a pan of flour and knead stiff. Roll thin and bake in a moderate oven.

Beat the eggs one at a time in the creamed mixture. For a change, I use one cup of raisins or currants. Wash them clean and pour boiling water on them. Let steam until you are ready to use, then squeeze out of the water. I sift part of the prepared flour over the creamed mixture, then put in the fruit. Sift the rest of the flour over the top and beat in before adding to the flour in pan. I make from 100 to 150 cookies, according to the size measure I use. — Grandmother.

HAIL, THE CHINESE WOMAN

THINGS that we do not know about China would fill a good-sized library. This is especially true of the Chinese woman, the general opinion seeming to be that she is either a plaything or a slave, and possesses neither the brains nor the ability of her Occidental sisters.

Modern educational methods are being introduced in China for the girls, and girls' schools are springing up all over the Empire. A glimpse of the Chinese woman as she really is, is given by Isaac Taylor Headland in the April Travel Magazine, under the significant title: "Exit the Bondwoman from China." Among the interesting things he tells are these:

The first book ever written in any language for the instruction of girls was written by a Chinese woman—a contemporary of the Apostle Paul. Regarding this book, Mr. Headland says: "As I read the book over I found that it contained teachings worthy of the great apostle, such for example as 'hsien jen, hou chi,' which may be freely translated as 'Prefer others rather than yourself.'" The first daily newspaper ever published for women was started, edited and financed by a Chinese widow named Chao, in Peking. It enjoys a large circulation, the readers being mostly women. It has a growing influence, has no disposition to make woman dissatisfied with her lot, but discusses such matters as will enable her to improve.

Hundreds of girls are at work in not less than a dozen schools in Peking. Their course of study consists of mathematics, English, the various natural sciences, music, calisthenics, embroidery and Chinese reading and writing. Schools have been opened in Mongolia and in most of the provinces throughout the empire. The teachers of these schools are almost entirely women. Occasionally an old man teaches the Chinese classics, and usually a Japanese woman takes charge of the mathematics, calisthenics and music. Some of the schools have been established by princesses who, themselves, with their friends, do the teaching gratis. These schools are all closed on Sunday, and only the churches have Sunday schools.

CHINESE COLLEGE GIRLS.

There are no clubwomen or suffragists in China, and there will probably not be in the near future. Women are not expected to earn their own living, though country women and girls often work in the harvest fields, and the boat dwellers often take the helm. This, however, is only among the poor.

The business of a woman in China is to take care of the home, of which she is absolute mistress. She paints, embroiders, does the cooking if servants cannot be afforded, keeps the house clean, and does everything she can for her husband.

There is a strong sentiment against foot-binding in China and that custom is probably doomed. Many of the girls are unbinding their feet, and some have never done anything more than wear the conventional little shoe on their big toe, the tip of which is sometimes allowed to appear from beneath their broad trousers or skirt.

Mr. Headland says the new education in China is cleaning up the home, giving woman a broader outlook on life, and making her more of a companion for her husband.

Can there be anything better than this?

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

As it has been about two years since I joined your band, and having never paid my dues since that time, you may have all forgotten me, but I still read and enjoy your letters. I intended writing and giving you a description of a pleasure trip I took in company with 10 other girls to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cedar Point, Toronto and a few other places, but just neglected it. We were in a contest and had all our expenses paid. A gentleman and his wife chaperoned us, and we had a fine time.

I notice several of you are giving descriptions of the natural curiosities near your homes. I suppose many of you have heard of Perry's Den where a counterfeiter and horse thief had his rendezvous. The Den is about ten miles from my home, and is a beautiful place for picnics. The scenery is delightful. Another curiosity, The Devil's Tea Table, was quite a sight until a few years ago, when it fell in a mass of crumbling rock. I have never seen the remains, but I saw the table before it fell.

In my home county, Noble, I do not know of any great natural wonders, but I will give a few notes of interest. The grave of the last surviving soldier of the Revolution, John Gray, is in this county, about six miles from my home. In the novel, Prairie Rose, written by Emerson Bennett, is a story of the recapturing from the Indians, of a white girl. The scene of this rescue was a point on Will's Creek in this county. In 1872, one of the numerous Indian mounds in this vicinity was opened. It was found to contain a few broken pieces of earthenware, a lot of flint heads, one or two stone implements, and the remains of three skeletons, whose size indicated that they measured in life at least eight feet in height. A remarkable feature of these remains was that they had double teeth in front, as well as in the back of the mouth, and on both upper and lower jaws. Upon exposure to the atmosphere they soon crumbled back to mother earth.

This county was noted also, as the home of an extremely homely preacher. It is related that Ebenezer Zane, the founder of Zanesville, made salt kettles. He set one aside to be given to the ugliest man who would come and claim it. A certain man hearing this, drove to Zanesville, and, after loading the kettle upon his wagon, started home with it. On his way, he met the Noble county preacher. He was so startled by his ugliness, that he told him about the kettle and said, "I thought it belonged to me, but I guess I was mistaken. It belongs to you. Here, take it," and he passed the kettle over to the preacher.

In my last letter, I was contemplating teaching school, which I am now doing. This is my second year, and I like it real well. I wonder how many of this great band are school teachers. I wonder also if there are any M. G. R.'s near me. Of course, I could not recognize you under a pen name. If there are, "speak up Ike, an' 'spress yo'—se'f." With best wishes to you all. —Leni Leoti, Ohio.

This letter is in reply to New England Girl's story of her freeze-out.

I am glad that we poor men are sometimes given credit for being useful, even if it takes a frozen waterpipe to demonstrate the fact. While we all regret the unpleasant incident that brought forth such recognition, we admire the courage that prompted the right thing at the right time, and agree with New England Girl that the second-handed fun she brought us must have exceeded her experience.

The fierce "Kabibonokka" has not been partial to the New England states the past winter, however, but has given the old Keystone state a generous supply, and led us a merry walk around the zero mark.

We abandoned our autos and flying machines about December 17, buckled on our snow shoes to welcome the north wind as it swept across Lake Erie with its energizing influences, and replied to its continuous encore with the sweetest music that necessity and up-to-date snow shovels could inspire. We never wearied of the society of quadrilles indulged in, and jumped in between times to earn the wherewithal to pay our fuel gas bills, which the people in this part of Pennsylvania depend upon to keep up their enthusiasm.

Throughout the varying moods of the festive elements a young Massachusetts lady who is teaching in the high school here, has shown us a sample of New England sunshine, corresponding with the optimistic details of a deluged pantry that made it necessary to borrow a "horrid creature" who redeemed our reputation as emergency conveniences, at least, and gave the M. G. R. some good reading.

The jolts and jars of life are what bring out true merit and will develop sunshine within us if we will let it shine. There is nothing else worth cultivating, and I am sure you will all agree that the frozen water pipe has brought us all a ray.—Pennemite Jake, Pennsylvania.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

The old M. G. R. is still going round and around and around, and there's plenty a-doing.

It seems as if the good old summer time would be along early this year, but we'll know for sure later on, meantime we can rejoice and be glad in this salubrious spring weather. It's salubrious here, in Toledo.

Recently heard from—Maud Ramsey, Blue-Eyed Hermit, Henrietta and Almetha.

WHAT HE IS IN

Visitor: So your boy is in college, is he, Mr. Corntossle?

Farmer: I can't say exackly. He's in ther ball nine, an' in ther rowin' crew, an' in ther jimnayzeeum, an' in ther dommytory, but whether he's ever in ther college is more'n I kin find out by his letters.—Harper's Bazar.

POETS' CORNER

A FLOWER FROM MY ANGEL MOTHER'S GRAVE

By Harry Kennedy.

I've a casket at home that is filled with precious gems,
I have pictures of friends dear to me,
And I've trinkets so rare that c ame many years ago,
From my far distant home across the sea.
But there's one sweet little treasure that I'll ever dearly prize,
Better, far than all the wealth beneath the wave;
Tho a small, faded floweret that I plucked in childhood days;
'Tis a flow'r from my angel mother's grave.

CHORUS.

Treasured in my mem'ry, like a happy dream,
Are the loving words she gave;
And my heart fondly cleaves to the dry and withered leaves;
'Tis a flow'r from my angel mother's grave.

In the quiet country churchyard they laid her down to sleep;
Close beside the old home she's at rest,
And a low, sacred mound is enshrined within my heart,
By the sweet ties of love forever blest.
In the still and silent night
I often dream of home again,
And the vision tells me ever to be brave;
For the last link that binds me to that place I love so well,
Is the flow'r from my angel mother's grave.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

By Samuel Woodworth.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The wide, spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell.
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

CHORUS.

The old oaken bucket; the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
They soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

LARBOARD WATCH

By T. Williams.

At dreary midnight's cheerless hour,
Deserted e'en by Cynthia's beams,
When tempests beat, and torrents pour,
And twinkling stars no longer gleam;
The wearied sailor, spent with toil,
Clings firmly to the weather shrouds,
And, still the lengthened hour to guile,
Sings as he views the gathering clouds.
Larboard watch ahoy! larboard watch ahoy!

But who can speak the joy he feels,
While o'er the foam his vessel reels,
And his tired eye-lids slumb'ring fall,
He rouses at the welcome call
Of larboard watch ahoy!
Larboard watch, larboard watch,
Larboard watch ahoy!

With anxious care he eyes each wave
That, swelling, threatens to o'erwhelm,
And his storm-beaten bark to save,
Directs with skill the faithful helm.
With joy he drinks the cheering grog,
'Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse;
With joy he heaves the reeling log,
And marks the lee-way and the course.
Larboard watch ahoy! larboard watch ahoy!

But who can speak the joy he feels,
While o'er the foam his vessel reels,
And his tired eye-lids slumb'ring fall,
He rouses at the welcome call
Of larboard watch ahoy!
Larboard watch, larboard watch,
Larboard watch ahoy!

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM

Charles W. Denison.

The drunkard dreamed of his old retreat,
Of his cosy place in the tap-room seat;
And the liquor gleamed on his gloating eye,
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.
He lifted it up with an eager glance,
And sang as he saw the bubbles dance,
"Aha! I am myself again!
Here's a truce to care and adieu to pain.
Welcome the cup with its creamy foam—
Farewell to work and a mopy home—
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl,
In bar-room pleasure I love to roll!"
Like a flash there came to the drunkard's side
His angel child, who that night had died;
With a look so gentle and sweet and fond,
She touched his glass with her little wand;
And oft as he raised it up to drink,
She silently tapped on its trembling brink,
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown,
And set the untasted goblet down.
"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meaneth this?
Is the covey sick? or the dram amiss?
Cheer up, my lad—quick, the bumper quaff!"
And he glared around with a fiendish laugh.
The drunkard raised his glass once more,
And looked at its depths as so oft before;
But started to see on its pictured foam,
The face of his dead little child at home;
Then again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered.
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,
The wand of his dead one tapped the brink!
The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing can!"
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim.
But the wand struck harder than before;
The glass was flung on the barroom floor,
All around the ring the fragments lay,
And the poisonous current rolled away.
The drunkard woke. His dream was gone;
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He rose, and that seraph was nigh him still;
It checked his passions, it swayed his will;
It dashed from his lips the maddening bowl,
And victory gave to his ransomed soul.
Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed,
Our hero has been a man redeemed.
And this is the prayer that he prays alway,
And this is the prayer let us help him pray:
That the angels may come in every land
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

PAUL VANE

Answer to Lorena.

Author Unknown.

The years are creeping slowly by, dear Paul,
The winters come and go,
The wind creeps by with mournful lay, dear Paul,
And pelts my face with snow,
But there's no snow upon the heart, dear Paul,
'Tis summer always there,
That early love throws light and sunshine over all,
And sweetens memory dear.

I thought it easy to forget, dear Paul,
Life glowed with youth and hope,
The glorious future gleamed bright, dear Paul,
And bade us clamber up,
Then, frowning, said it must not, cannot be,
Break not this loving band,
And Paul you know how well that bitter day,
We bent to his command.

I've kept you ever in my heart, dear Paul,
Through every good and ill,
Our hearts could not be torn apart, dear Paul,
They're bound together still,
I never knew how dear you were to me,
'Till I was left alone,
I thought my poor, young heart would break that day
They told me you were gone.

Perhaps we'll never, never meet, dear Paul,
Upon this earth again,
But there, where happy angels greet, dear Paul,
You'll meet Lorena then,
Together up that ever shining way,
We'll press with loving hearts,
Together to that bright eternal day.

POEMS REQUESTED

A song wanted is called My Little German Home Across the Sea. Another poem asked for is Bamboozling Grandma, of which the last line is:

Say, grandma, have you any more mince pies?

These songs are asked for: Old Dog Tray, Just Before the Battle, Mother, and one of which these lines are part: O, how proud you stood before me in your suit of blue.

The Inventor's Wife is the title of a poem wanted. It has this line: It's easy to talk of the patience of Job.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

BEGIN AT HOME

One of the recent "Pointers" struck me as being just about the "best ever." It ran like this: "You women, if you would be free, make friends with men. Think of them and treat them as brothers and comrades, not as possible lovers or slaves. Without making an assumption of superior wisdom, I am impelled by a feeling of genuine pity, not unmixed with disgust, to write a few lines on the forbidden subject — woman's suffrage.

Why all this wild clamor for the ballot? Is it so real necessary? Will it bring about, morally, a better form of government? If women could vote today, would all this agitation between labor and capital be ended, or would they, like some men, be whipped into line, and made to vote as their leader dictated? Would the liquor traffic be wiped from the face of this country? Let us hope so. I have the greatest respect for all womankind — no matter how poor, no matter how rich — I respect and esteem them all. I hope to be forgiven for having doubts as to the probability of woman's suffrage bettering in any way the political world, unless they first "get right down to business" and make a study of the problem — but that is just what they do not do.

How many are there who ever give the matter any consideration, beyond the fact that they think they ought to vote? Are they not rather following the beaten path of a few, who go about with a lugubrious face whispering (or should I say shouting?) to the only too willing listeners the belated fact that men have voted without their aid for time immemorial!

It's all bosh. And to go back to our "pointer," why not think of, and treat, the sterner sex as "brothers, comrades and friends?" Begin right at home. Instead of spending so much time in all this unnecessary "muckraking" and trying to keep track of the leaders of the "new movement," why not begin at home and see if you can't get in closer touch with someone whom you may now be sadly neglecting? It may be a brother, a father, or a husband, who is in dire need of the comradeship and influence of a noble and Christianlike woman. Who can say? It is useless to spend so much time and energy chasing this fleeting nemesis. But if in time women become more interested in the facts, and more enlightened to the subject, and still want the right and honor (?) of voting, and the majority of the people want them to have it, then, by all means, they should have it, and they will get it. — Knickerbocker Cynic, New York.

FOR PUZZLED WOMAN

I was just reading a Puzzled Woman's letter regarding our duty to the invalid in the house. First, I would tell her to put herself in his place, and see just how he feels. Try and get him into the fresh air as much as possible. God gave us the sunshine and fresh air to make us strong and healthy. It takes the tired, dull feeling away and makes us much kinder in thought and pleasanter to those we meet.

Do not stay at home all the time yourself, even in case of sickness. When some one comes in whom you can [illegible] stay in your place, take a walk; it will do you a world of good. Life is so short, let us try to do our whole duty to those around us and to ourselves as well.—M. F., Indiana.

FOR THE ROBINS

In The Blade of March 17 there was a letter from a man in Florida who said they do not kill robins in the south. They do. I had a friend who spent the winter in Georgia, and she said the way they shoot the poor robins and put them on strings like they do fish, made her heartsick. It shows it here in the country. A few years ago the robins would commence their songs at 3 a. m. and keep it up until break of day—joy drunk. This morning I heard just one lone songster, and his song sounded more like a requiem than a song of spring. If something is not done to stop the slaughter of the red breast he will soon be a thing of the past.—Yours for the Birds, Ohio.

THE ORANGE COUNTRY

I promised to write about my orange country, and I will try to describe it. I live in southern California, in the beautiful valley of San Bernardino. Our valley is surrounded by mountains and there are miles of orange groves. When you get up on the mountains and look back over the valley, it looks like one big checker board. In the spring and summer months the cultivate and irrigate the groves. In the winter they are dormant. It is a very beautiful sight to see the golden fruit, mixed with the green foliage. The white blossom is very fragrant, and the air in orange blossom time, is so heavy with fragrance it almost sickens one who is not used to it.

It is very hard to describe by word how beautiful it all is, so I will close, with kindest regards to all.—R. P. T., California.

TO MOTHERS

In The Blade of March 10 there was a letter from a Chummy Mother. I wish there were more mothers like that one. I knew one out in Nebraska. She had five boys and one girl. The mother and daughters were like sisters. I want my girls to feel that I am their best friend, and that I am interested in them. Sometimes the girls at school would tell my eldest daughter something and say, "Now, don't tell anyone." She always answered, "No one but mamma; I must talk to her about it."

I let her know that I trust her, and because I trust her, I shall expect her to do right. I have no boys, but I cannot see why boys should not be as good as girls. I have seen a few model boys. Just now I am thinking of about six boys here who can be depended on to be at church and to take part. There are a few others who behave in church, but some of them are a nuisance. I believe that means a lack of home training. We have some fine girls here. They have had good training.

I had a good, Christian mother, but she never gave me the chummy talks I longed for, not until after I was married, and I needed them so much before. I am trying to be different with my girls.

Let me say to the mothers who read the Cozy Corner, do not be afraid to talk with your children. I have had people say, "Oh, it won't do to let a child be too familiar; he will forget his place and try to be boss."

I say there is no danger of that, if you train the children right. Begin in the beginning, when they are small. Do not wait until they are 18 or 20 years old and then expect them to chum with you. They will not, then, it will be too late.

Yes, let us chum with our children. Let them know we love them. It will pay. I thank Chummy Mother for her letter.

What has become of Country Girl of West Virginia?—Dora Holt, Indiana.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

A Soldier's Widow—Greetings to you, and thank you.—Elizabeth.

Lone Woman—Please send me your address. I have something for you.

New letters for our corner are from Josephine, Nina Wilson, Pearl Honeydew and Mrs. P. H. Cosner.

With housecleaning and other spring work, I guess "you girls" are not finding much time for letter writing. Well, we have enough to keep the corner going for quite a spell, and some one is always sure to come in time of need.

Don't forget to sign your real name to your letters, and when you want your paper sent to a new address, give the old address when you send in the new one.

OUR LITTLE ONES

Toledo children are responsible for the sayings and doings which make these stories.

Little Boy John is one of Toledo's prize babies, though he has never won a prize at a baby show, never having been "among those present."

He has the best the earth affords, including a doting father and mother, a baby sister named Mary Elizabeth, and a tricycle. Little Boy John's birthday clock has only recently struck 3, but occasionally in his manner he has the wisdom and staidness of great age.

The other day he was having trouble with his tricycle and, finding himself unable to adjust the difficulty himself, turned to his mother and requested with marked dignity: "Mrs. Halsted, please put Mary Libby down and 'tend to my tricycle."

A little maid called Pen, for short, has grown out of the ranks of babyhood and at 9 years of age is in the stage where her energy makes her a live wire every moment when she is not asleep. Things have to move when Pen comes around, and things without power of motion have a way of getting broken if they come within Pen's orbit. A short time ago she went to a children's party. On her return she was asked if she had enjoyed herself.

"Oh, yes," Pen returned with much enthusiasm; "I had a lovely time, and I didn't break but one dish!"

One of Toledo's kindergarten teachers gives her pupils, as part of their training, the task of drawing pictures at home, which they are expected to bring to her for criticism. One morning one of her small boys brought two pictures. One was unquestionably his own work, but the other bore the mark of an elder and more skillful hand. His teacher questioned him about the better drawing.

"Tommy," she said, holding the best-looking picture up for his inspection, "you didn't draw this, did you?"

"No, I didn't," he returned; "but it's pretty good, though," he remarked with condescension.

History Repeats Itself

Sixty years ago, when Jenny Lind was brought to this country by P. T. Barnum, her arrival was preluded and accompanied by sensational advertising, which created an excitement her beautiful voice and charming personality continued. Jenny Lind and her singing aroused the most extravagant enthusiasm, which was manifested in various and sundry ways. The Jenny Lind mania extended throughout the country and set its mark in many astounding manners. Dresses, shawls, and things to eat were called after the famous singer. Women copied her fashion of wearing her hair, and "Jenny Linds," as the curls tucked up behind the ears were named, were worn by young and old. The pieces of music written and dedicated to the Swedish Nightingale were legion, and the country was flooded with Jenny Lind polkas and marches, schottisches and waltzes. One enterprising manufacturer "brought out" Jenny Lind teakettles, and the information was given to the public that these articles "when filled with water and placed on the fire, commenced to sing in a few minutes."

This sort of history is repeating itself in connection with Rostand's barnyard play, Chanticler, which at present is creating excitement in the dramatic world, and putting its mark on the fashions. The forms, coloring and plumage of the birds of the barnyard have been taken possession of by the makers of the modes and fashionable novelties, and are presented in variations that are somewhat startling.

Some of the hat trimmings look as if the hen roosts had been robbed. A rooster as the high note of a top piece is far from being a thing of beauty in the way of a hat decoration, but the rooster has mounted to this high perch on spring millinery, though without its crow.

Veiling, whose pattern is a repetition of roosters with full grown tail feathers is scarcely fitted to enter a beauty contest with hopes of winning, but this has found its way into the shops where such things are sold. It gives a tatooed effect to the face, but it will doubtless be worn by ladies of spectacular fancy.

The Chanticler jacket is not one to be a joy forever, however, it is among those present, and is a cutaway in style, and wing-like in effect.

There are many other extravagances and absurdities perpetrated in the name of Chanticler, all of which are calculated to spread abroad the name and fame of the play, and perhaps help to give it a place in memory, which, like Jenny Lind's, will last for long.

THE CHANTICLER JACKET.
From The Woman Beautiful for April.

Children's Letters

Hello, girls and boys! I thought I would try and scribble a few lines to you, for I have not seen any letters from this part of the country. I am a boy 13 years old. I go to school. My teacher is Miss Mary Wolfe. She is a good teacher. I live about a mile and a half from the school house. Some times we ride to school when it is bad weather. I live in the country on a farm of 80 acres. We live in an old farm house with large, old-fashioned, stone chimneys.

I will let you know that I am a Virginia boy from Riverside High school. I have three sisters going to school there. I have blue eyes and light hair. When I come home from school I have to curry the chickens and ride the ducks to water. When papa is gone he is not at home, so good bye, girls and boys.—Earl Copenhaver, Virginia.

I am a little girl 12 years of age. I live on a farm in Kentucky. I go to school every summer. I had a good teacher this year. His name is Mr. Calvin Pickerd. I have one sister and two brothers. My sister's name is Ethel and one of my brother's name is Charlie, and one is Arnold. I have one pet lamb. Its name is Ram, and two cows and two horses and one colt. I have two miles to go to school. I have awful good schoolmates. I go to Flat Woods school. My papa has taken The Blade for four years. I think it is an awful good paper. I enjoy reading the letters from the children. I live with my parents so I will close. Yours truly, Iva E. Hart, Kentucky.

I am the youngest of the family, and I am a little girl, nine years old. I have one sister. I live in the country on a farm in West Danville, Vermont. I have a cat and a dog. I go to school. I live a mile from school. I have a nice place to slide, and my dog goes out sliding with me. H will draw me on my sled. He is a large dog. I have named him Brownie. My cat is a very large cat and I call him Buster. I guess I have written enough, so good bye. Your friend, Pearl Mildred Hakkins, Vermont.

SOME POINTERS

Say "Good morning," every morning, whether you want to or not. It gives you a top o' the morning feeling.

Cheerfulness attracts all its relation. Remember this and try never to be doleful. Dolefulness invites its kindred spirits.

Those who are doing the greatest things are the ones who are the most unassuming.

One smile is worth more than two frowns any day in the week.

One word that should be forgotten is "discouraged."

It is a long lane that has no turning. Remember this when you have bad luck right along and all of a sudden it gets worse.

If you are not hungry it is likely you do not need food, so do not pity yourself if you have no appetite.

It is a great affliction to be too sensitive. It makes one imagine unpleasant things which half the time, never happen.

Getting mad never gets you anything but more bad temper. Like breeds like.

We always get back that which we give. See to it that you give the best that you have.

The optimist is frequently the subject of jest and laughter, but he's a comfortable person for steady company.

When you talk about your friends and acquaintances, why not dwell upon their good points more than their bad?

The most aggravating people are those whose feelings are easily hurt.

Those who cherish resentment and never forgive, have many unhappy moments.

It is "to laugh," when grown people quarrel and refuse to speak to one another. It is "to laugh" for those who look on.

This is true: If you smile and look pleasant to people they will look pleasant and smile, too.—Elizabeth.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa. — "I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies." — Mrs. Clara Franks, R. F. D., No. 3, Knoxville, Iowa.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

Men and Crops Grow Rich Along the Gulf Coast of Texas

The Gulf Coast of Texas—where men and crops are rich. There are enough men and farms already there to prove it—men from every part of America, out of every rank in life—not only farmers from other sections, but lawyers and doctors and clerks and merchants —who have changed their locations and changed their luck. You can do what they have done.

Men Like You Already Have Won

Changed Places—Changed Luck

A CROP OF ONIONS ON THE GULF COAST

Raised on ground that used to be ridiculed. Now men who live there enjoy health and wealth as common assets

The only thing that can hold these wonderful lands from making a profit for you is outright laziness and neglect. If you want to improve your income and improve your health and improve your outlook, it's surely worth the effort of one letter of inquiry about the possibilities and the cost of land and the openings for new business in the recently opened richest section as yet developed on the continent.

Don't Go if You're Lazy

Give me some idea of your present prospects and employment, and learn of men who were in your exact position only a few years ago, and who with the same experience as that which you now possess have made good and have made good money on Gulf Coast land.

Learn How Others Did It

The best way to the Gulf Coast and other points in the Great Southwest is by Frisco Lines. Low rate success seekers' excursions first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write me today and I will send you full information about this wonder country, about the crops you can raise, the profits you can make and about people already there who live in homes of their own.

FRISCO LINES

Frisco Lines to the Southwest

ALEX. HILTON, General Passenger Agent

1410 Frisco Building, St. Louis

We Give You This Wonderful Moving Picture MACHINE Extra Size French Doll and 200 Other Premiums FREE To Boys and Girls!

who sell our New Gold-Eye Needles at only 5 cents a paper EASY TO SELL, because you give FREE a silver aluminum thimble with every two packages. Your neighbors will buy—you will be a few minutes.

WE TRUST YOU! Write Plain. Is your name and address correct, postal ordering 12 papers of needles and 12 thimbles, we mail postpaid, at once. Sell—return above you entitled to. Order today—extra prize for quick work. Big cash commission if you prefer

Earn All These Presents in a Few Days!

WAVERLY SUPPLY COMPANY

Box 277, Monongahela, Pa.

AFTER BUCKET SHOPS

Government Agents Raid the Brokers' Offices in Six of Largest American Cities.

Washington, April 2.—Armed with bench warrants issued by the supreme court of the District of Columbia, special agents of the department of justice this morning at 11 o'clock, eastern time, simultaneously raided brokers' offices in New York, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Baltimore and St. Louis.

Conspiracy in which 29 persons are named—five of them said to be millionaires, and all interested in brokers' offices in large cities of the United States, were returned late yesterday by the federal grand jury of the District of Columbit upon evidence which agents of the department of justice had been gathering for more than a year. The indictments were withheld yesterday on the request of Attorney General Wickersham, so that department of justice detectives might make the raids simultaneously upon the places suspected of being "bucket shops."

Advocate Extensive System.

The men indicted are said to be those financially interested in the corporations known as E. S. Boggs & Co., which has offices in New York and Philadelphia; Price & Co., which has offices in Baltimore and New York, and the Standard Stock and Grain Dealers, which has offices in Jersey City, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

As being interested in Boggs & Co., the following are indicted: Richard E. Preusser, Lee Mayer, Geo. Turner, William H. Lillis, Oliver J. Robinson, Edward S. Boggs, Harry Owens, Robert A Guy, all af New York, and Al Ford and Marshall F. Parrish, of Philadelphia. Named in connection with them as alleged co-conspirators are Edward Everett Taylor, of Washington, D. C., and his telegraph operator, Harry Johnson.

In the indictments against Price & Co. the following are named:

William B. Price, Virgil P. Randolph, Harry M. Randolph, Charles T. Moorehead, Edward Weldon, Joseph Gaskins and James A. Anderson, all of Baltimore; Thomas H. Campbell and Edward B. Taylor, of Philadelphia.

In the Standard Stock and Grain Dealers are named: Edward Altemus, Samuel Raymond, Oscar J. Rappell and Robert Hall, of Jersey City, N. J.; Louis Cella, of St. Louis; Henry C. Stumpf, of Philadelphia, and Henry R. Duryee and his telegraph operator, Charles R. Alley.

Scope Covers Big Territory.

This, the United States government's first attack on stock gambling, has been thoroughly prepared with greatest secrecy. Its scope practically covers the United States from the Missouri river to the Atlantic. The three concerns indicted maintain more than 250 offices and branch offices located from New England to Oklahoma.

With the aid of United States Attorney Baker, of the District of Columbia, Special Assistant Attorney General A. Bruce Bielaski and Chief Finch, of Attorney General Wickersham's bureau of investigation, have been presenting the evidence to the grand jury for several days.

The theory of the conspiracy indictments is that every man who was connected in any way with the operation of the three firms which did business in the district had entered into a conspiracy to relieve people of their money. The government maintains that every alleged bucketing transaction of the local brokers named was the act of each and every person charged in the indictment.

Statement by Wickersham.

Attorney General Wickersham did not comment on the raids today further than to issue a prepared statement, of which the following is the substance:

In the first indictment against Presseur, Mayer, Turner, etc., the defendants are charged with conspiracy to commit an offense against the United States in violation of section 5440 of the revised statutes which makes unlawful the keeping of bucket shops in the District of Columbia. Edward E. Taylor, mentioned in the indictment, maintained two offices in Washington, and was correspondent for Boggs & Co., of No. 747 Broadway, New York.

"This firm," the attorney general's statement says, "as well as those involved in the other two indictments, alleges that it buys and sells securities through the consolidated stock exchange of Philadelphia, and that Ford & Parrish are their representatives on that exchange.

Conceded Real Operations.

"The evidence before the grand jury tended to show that this exchange was simply a cover maintained to enable operators of bucket shops to conceal the real nature of their operations.

"Preusser is reported to be a notorious gambler who was convicted of murder of one Myles McDonald some years ago, as a result of which he was confined for a year in an institution for insane convicts.

"Mayer is a well known bookmaker, and Turner is said to have been expelled from the New York stock exchange, and with Lillis has been connected with some of the most notorious bucket shop concerns in the country."

DIDN'T SEEK TO BRIBE

Rough Rider Says Weekly Just Wanted to Pay for Ballinger Facts.

Washington, April 2.—Another sensation was sprung in the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry today, after John W. Dudley, former register of the land office at Juneau, Alaska, had been quoted by H. K. Love, now a United States marshal in Alaska, but formerly a special agent of the land office, as saying that he, Dudley, had been "let out" of his office, and the Collier's Weekly had intimated to him that "it would be worth from $5,000 to $10,000" for him to go to Washington to testify.

Didn't Mean Bribery.

"Do you mean that the weekly meant to bribe him?" asked Mr. Madison, of the committee.

"No, not to bribe him but to pay him," replied the witness.

"You draw a whole lot finer distinctions than I have been able to do," retorted Mr. Madison.

Mr. Love is an ex-Rough Rider, and when asked yesterday to what he owed his appointment as marshal he mentioned the fact that he "happened" to be a trooper in Colonel Roosevelt's regiment. Senator Flint remarked that he need go no further.

Love denied that his investigation of the Cunningham claims had been "warped" in any way by the fact that he was a candidate for the marshalship. It was Love who made the favorable reports on the claims upon which Mr. Ballinger based his clear-listing order.

Love Gives Details.

The committee betrayed great interest in the Collier's Weekly incident and pressed Mr. Love for details of the meeting. The witness said he saw Mr. Dudley for not more than three minutes, and that Dudley had said that he wanted to go to Washington to testify for the "other side." He said Dudley wanted him to tell Mr. Ballinger of this offer, and that he had not accepted it, but that he desired to testify for the "other side." Mr. Love said he did not tell Mr. Ballinger because he thought perhaps Mr. Dudley had put the wrong construction on the remark of the Weekly's agent. He said Mr. Dudley did not tell him the name of the agent.

"Do you think the weekly wanted Dudley to come here to tell the truth" asked Mr. Graham (Democrat).

"Most assuredly," replied the witness.

Mr. Love said Dudley had expressed the intention of going to Washington to clear his record with the department since he had been dismissed.

The committee decided by unanimous vote to subpoena Mr. Dudley, who, the witness said, was engaged in business at Juneau.

Mr. Love said he did not think he had mentioned the conversation with Mr. Dudley to anybody. He denied that Dudley had intended to try to influence Mr. Ballinger by having him mention the incident to the secretary of the interior.

In beginning his cross-examination today Mr. Brandeis remarked to the witness that he was in a "calmer state of mind than on yesterday."

"I am very calm," snapped back Mr. Love. Attorney Brandeis questioned the witness for nearly an hour in regard to his testimony yesterday, after which Representative Graham took him in hand.

"Are you a lawyer?" inquired Mr. Graham.

"I ran for alwyer, but got beat," rejoined the witness amid laughter.

Didn't En oy Practice.

Mr. Love said he had been a lawyer 25 years ago in South Dakota.

"How long did you enjoy the practice?" asked Mr. Graham.

"I didn't enjoy it."

"You were in South Dakota when it was building up?" inquired Mr. Graham.

"No, when they were leaving it," replied Mr. Love amid general laughter, adding that he was in South Dakota from 1883 to 1889.

"He was there when the people were going farther north," interjected Senator Purcell, of North Dakota.

Attorney Vertress offered in evidence on re-direct examination of Mr. Love a leter writen by Secretary Loeb to Capt. E. C. Hunter, of Oklahoma, dated February 3, 1908, stating that the secretary of the interior (Mr. Gerfield) had informed the President that Love had been cleared of the charges against him, and that his appointment as marshal in Alaska had been ordered.

MAD MULLAH AT WAR

Terror of Somaliland Leads in the Slaughter of Tribesmen.

Aden, Arabia, April 4.—The ferocious campaign of Mohammed Adbullah of Somaliland, "the Mad Mullah," against the sultanates under British protection continues unchecked. Eight hundred of the tribesmen friendly to the sultanates have been slaughtered, vast areas laid waste and towns razed.

Natives in large numbers are fleeing to the coast. It is expected here that this will lead to another expedition against the "Mad Mullah," who has caused the British government anxiety for many years.

Mohammed Abdullah started his campaign early in February, a large force of dervishes raiding the sultanate of the Mijertins, killing and burning in all directions.

The "Mad Mullah" began stirring up the natives of Somaliland after making a pilgrimage to Mecca in 1896, and, after much fighting, an agreement was reached in 1905 whereby the mullah undertook to observe peace toward both Great Britain and Italy.

"HEIR" IS GIVEN SHOCK

"Not My Brother," Russell Tells Claimant.

Boston, April 1.—"This man is not my brother," was the declaration said to have been made by William C. Russell after a four-hour talk yesterday with the man from Fresno, Cal., who claims he is Daniel Blake Russell, son of the late Daniel Russell, of Melrose. The Californian had endeavored to show that he, and not a man from Dickinson, N. D., who claims to be the same Daniel Blake Russell, is co-heir to the $750,000 estate of Daniel Russell.

William Russell and the Californian met in an attorney's office yesterday. The others present were Mrs. Edward Avery, of Chicago, who knew Daniel B. Russell in childhood; Miss Sarah E. Almy, cousin of and housekeeper for William C. Russell; Ferdinand B. Almy, her brother,a co-executor of the Daniel Russell estate; Thomas W. Proctor, John K. Berry and Eugene C. Upton, attorneys for the estate, and William Odlin and George W. Cartwright, the new claimant's lawyers.

State Senator Cartwright, of California, introduced his client to William Russell as "your brother, Daniel Blake Russell." The claimant then told his story, and was asked numerous questions. He finally asked William Russell to identify him as his long lost brother, but the latter only shook his head.

When the interview was over the Fresno man left the office in an exhausted condition. It was then that William Russell was said to have stated the man was not his brother.

TALENTED AUTHORESS DIES

"Myra Kelly" Won Fame as Student of Jewish Life.

London, March 31.—Myra Kelly (Mrs. Allan MacNaughton), the American educator and author, died yesterday at Torquay, where she had been stopping with her husband. Mrs. MacNaughton had been in ill health for a long time. Her American address was Old Chester Village, Orange Mountains, New Jersey.

Myra Kelly by which pen name the writer was generally known, was born in Dublin, Ireland. She was educated in New York, where she became a teacher in the public schools. Later she was a critic teacher in the Speyer School, Teachers College, of Columbia University. Her stories of child-life among the Jewish emmigrants in New York have attracted wide attention.

MUST DEFEND ITSELF

Panama Canal to Pay for Fortifications.

Washington, April 4.—The Panama canal will have to pay the expense of its own fortification. This appears to be the opinion of the vanguard of the army expert board which has just arrived in Washington from Panama after a careful examination of the line of the canal with special reference to the selection of sites for the forts and the determination of the extent of the armament needed. The act of 1902, though much amended by subsequent legislation, would seem to carry that inference, and consequently the cost of fortification probably will be met by the issue of Panama canal bonds.

It is impossible at present to state the cost of this work. In the first place while the commission has tentatively selected the sites for the defenses at both entrances of the canal and at points along the line in the interior, it is exposed to destructive attack, such as the Gatun dam and the great Milafiore locks. Much of this land belongs to private parties and its value must be assessed before it can be acquired.

General Hurray, chief of artillery; General Crozier, chief of ordnance; General Marshall, chief of engineers, and Captain Embick, an expert artillery officer, are among those who returned to Washington, and as soon as the remainder of the commission, now on the isthmus, has returned to this city, an effort will be made to prepare the report showing just what is needed to provide for the complete defense of the canal. Much heavy ordnance, some of it composed of 14-inch guns, probably will be required, and as it takes a long time to make these big guns and transport them to the isthmus, put them in place, and erect the defensive earthworks and concrete constructures, it will be necessary to hasten the project in order to insure its completion by the date the canal will be opened in 1914 or 1915.

REMOVES BAN ON DEVLIN

Senate Committee Decides in Favor of California Man.

Wahsington, April 4.—The senate committee on judiciary today rescinded its vote to reject the nomination of Robert T. Devlin to succeed himself as United States attorney for the northern dictrict of California.

NEGRO LOSES HIS VOTE

Maryland Disfranchisement Bill to Become Law.

Annapolis, Md., April 2.—The Digges bills for the disfranchisement of the negroes in all state and municipal elections in Maryland were passed by the senate at a late hour last night, following their introduction earlier at the night session. They now go to the house, where their passage is assured because of the large Democratic majority in that body.

It is not proposed to attempt to prevent negroes voting at congressional or presidential elections, the restriction applying only to state and municipal balloting.

The original draft of the plan was amended by the insertion of a clause by which negroes owning property assessed at $500 may vote, provided they possess property thus valued two years in advance of their registration. It is proposed to repeal the present registration law so as to have a new general registration next year, refusing registration to negroes and to abolish spring elections in Baltimore, carrying forward those elections until the state election in the November following. Being refused registration, if the bills are enacted, the negro will not be able to vote on the measures when they come before the electors in November, 1911, in the form of a constitutional amendment.

The Democrats did not insert the property qualification in the registration bill because, they say, they will conduct the election under the state constitution, from which they claim the word "white" has never been expunged by any act of the state.

MILLIONAIRES PAY UP

New York's Rich Fail to Have Assessments Reduced.

New York, April 2.—It became known yesterday that very few of the city's wealthiest residents had had their assessments for personal taxes reduced.

Andrew Carnegie's assessment will stand at $5,000,000, J. P. Morgan's at $400,000, Mrs. Russel Sage's at $5,000,000, Cornelius Vanderbilt's at $250,000, John D. Rockefeller's at $2,500,000 and John D. Rockefeller's Jr.'s at $250,000. This last assessment is a new one, but was not disputed.

Mrs. Harriet Goelet will pay an assessment on $26,000 worth of property under the Sage law. Mary Goelet, one of the last persons to appear before President Purdy, through counsel, swore off an assessment on $100,000 on the ground that she lives in Newport.

DEAFNESS CURED

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they may be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 2503 Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

MADMAN MURDERS TWO

Burglar Hiding in Home Shoots Down Springfield, Mass., Women.

Springfield, Mass., April 1.—Miss Martha B. Blackstone, 23 Elliot street, daughter of C. J. Blackstone, was murdered by a masked burglar in the home of Mrs. Sarah J. Dow, Round Hill, early last night. Miss Harriet Dow, daughter of the house, was shot in the head and removed to Springfield hospital in a dying condition. The murderer escaped.

The police have no description of the man except the one Mrs. Dow and her daughter, Miss Lucy Dow were able to give. The police say that in a general way the murderer resembles the one who terrorized the city last fall. The description given by the frightened women is:

The man was about 5 feet, 10 inches; wore dark clothes and a black slouch hat; had a dark cloth about the lower part of the face, about 21 or 22 years old.

Masked Man Demands Money.

The murder was a most wanton one. Mrs. Dow, her two daughters and Miss Blackstone, who was a guest, were seated in the living room of the home about a small table solving a picture puzzle. The first intimation they had of an intruder was a demand for money from the dining room, just in the rear. They looked up to see a masked man in the dark doorway, threatening them with a revolver. Mrs. Dow retained her composure and replied:

"We have no money," but Miss Blackstone in fright jumped to her feet and ran screaming into a reception room to the right of the living room. The burglar said: "If you want to be killed, keep on screaming," and fired as he spoke, the bullet entering Miss Blackstone's left breast. Death followed instantly.

The murderer hardly paused to see his victim fall before he turned the revolver on the group, shooting Miss Harriet Dow in the head. He then ran to the front door, leaped over the piazza railing and disappeared.

Women Alone in House.

The four women were alone in the house and the murderer must have possessed this knowledge. It is the theory of the police that the man entered while the family was at dinner and concealed himself in a closet until he thought the time was right. Mrs. Dow distinctly remembered having locked all the windows and doors about 7 o'clock, and the police found all the locks turned and windows fastened. Marks were found on the side of the house, under a sheltered window, that led to the belief that he entered in this manner. Footprints plainly visible in the soft earth after his escape showed that he ran as an athlete runs, on the balls of his feet.

The women are certain that but two shots were fired, and a much battered bit of lead, which may have been the bullet that wounded Miss Dow, was picked up by an officer. A bullet hole that cannot be accounted for was found in the wall. The shot that killed Miss Blackstone must have been fired at very close range, for the breast was powder-burned.

Both Miss Blackstone and Miss Dow were teachers in the Jefferson avenue school. Miss Blackstone was 29 years old and Miss Dow about 30.

ONLY ONE MAN IS SAVED

Falmouth, England, April 4.—The four-masted British ship Kate Thomas, while in tow off Land's End, early this morning, was run down and sunk by an unknown steamer. The captain and mates, with their wives and 15 of the crew, were drowned. The only survivor was a ship's apprentice, who was picked up by the tug which was towing the ship when she was struck.

SPY IS OFFICER'S SON

Japs Captured in Manila Well Educated.

Manila, March 30.—Joseph Saxe, the soldier whom the two Japanese recently approached for the purpose of securing photographs and plans of the American fortifications in the Philippines and who assisted in trapping them has been in the army for 11 years. He enlisted in the 42d Louisiana infantry. He then served three years in the 4th and 13th cavalry, when he was transferred to the engineer corps. Saxe was born in Chicago and his parents live in Waterbury, Conn. He is 33 years of age. He had been detailed on photographic work and consequently was in a position to furnish the desired photographs. Saxe is now confined to the limits of Fort Santiago, but will be sent home on the next transport.

The identity of the Japanese is uncertain. They are known generally as Suganami and Kawada. It is asserted that the former is the son of a colonel in the Japanese army. This, however, cannot be verified. Both men are linguists and have been in the islands for about a year. It is believed there was a third Japanese, who, however, failed to enter the house on Sunday when the others were captured. It is thought that he was to bring the bribe money. The Japanese watched the house all day Sunday before entering it, but the American officials outwitted them by taking up a position in the house on Saturday and remaining concealed there for 30 hours. The prisoners are being held in the custody of Colonel Irons. The Japanese consul has taken no action in the matter.

IS BALDNESS DOOMED?

Baltimore Specialist Says It Is Unnecessary, and Proves It.

Baltimore, April 6.—The intense interest in the wonderful work that is being accomplished in Baltimore and other cities by William Chas. Keene, president of the Lorrimer Institute, continues unabated. Many cases of baldness and faded hair of years' standing have been remedied by the remarkable preparation being distributed from Mr. Keene's laboratory, and its fame is spreading far and wide and thousands of persons are using this remarkable hair food with gratifying results.

What makes this treatment more popular is the fact that free trial outfits are sent by mail prepaid. Those who wish to try it are strongly advised to write to Mr. Keene, at the Lorrimer Institute, Branch 616, Baltimore, Md. They will receive the full trial outfit free of charge and much useful information about the hair which will put them on the road to a rapid and certain improvement.

SIMPLE SERVICE FOR BREWER

President Taft Attends Funeral of Dead Jurist.

Washington, March 31—Funeral services, simple and unostentatious as he had wished them, were held today for Justice David J. Brewer of the supreme court of the United States and an hour later his body was on its way for burial at Leavenworth, Kansas.

The President of the United States, the members of the supreme court, with the exception of Justice Moody who is ill, and representatives from the house and senate sat with reverently bowed heads through the short service and acted as honorary pall bearers. Only members of the family and a few intimate friends were present beside them. All, with the exception of President Taft, went with the body to the special car at the station.

A $—Dollar for a Dime

Why spend a dollar when 10c buys a box of CASCARETS at any drug store? Use as directed—get the natural, easy result. Saves many dollars *wasted* on medicines that do not cure. Millions regularly use CASCARETS. Buy a box now—10c week's treatment—proof in the morning. 906

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

BEEF WILL CONTINUE DEAR

Southern Man Takes Pessimistic View of Situation.

Washington, April 2.—Judge Sam H. Cowan, of Fort Worth, Tex., who is the attorney for the American National Live Stock association and the Cattle Raisers' association, of Texas, the other day told the senate's committee that is investigating the high cost of living that the people of the United States need never expect to have any more cheap beef. He said:

"The advance in land values and the increase in the cost of feed, in wages and in every item of the cost of production have been such that the price of cattle must be maintained at its present level or the growers will go out of business. As it is, the herds on many ranches in the southwest are being sold off and the land is being sold to farmers in small tracts. One great ranch that formerly grazed 100,000 head now has less than 10,000 head. Another of 437,000 acres, that grazed 30,000 head, has all been cut up and sold to cotton growers. If cattle raising were profitable that kind of thing would not happen.

"I don't see what you can do to remedy existing conditions unless you can repeal the law of supply and demand. If you take the tariff off cattle, the country will be flooded with Mexican cattle and the price will be cut down, but our growers will go out of business, the supply will be reduced and in no time the price will return to the higher level."

Judge Cowan said that the percentage of profit in cattle raising at the present high prices is less than it was six years ago, when the increased investment required in the business is considered.

Judge Cowan gave the committee detailed figures showing the cost of one steer out of a bunch sold in Fort Worth from the time it was sold by the raiser until it reached the consumer's table. It cost the packer $83, was sold to the butcher for $84.70, and cost the consumer $112.50.

AGREE ON LIABILITY BILL

Measure Will Now Be Sent to President for Signature.

Washington, April 2.—The senate amendments to the bill to amend the employers liability law were agreed to by the house today. The measure will at once be engrossed and sent to the president for his signature.

Watch and Wait

You Must Be Sure!

WATCH it for thirty days—WAIT until you are SURE. You must be sure before you say a word or pay a cent, must know that IT is right, must know that WE are right, must know that YOU are right. You can be sure, can see, feel, know and be certain, by WATCHING ITS WORK FOR THIRTY DAYS. Each day tells its own plain story Thirty days tell a story that has meant happiness to thousands who have watched and waited. All you have to do is to send for it, to write the message that will bring it to you, as fast as the mails can travel, and then WATCH and WAIT. We give you plenty of time to watch its results, we want you to wait until the full time is up, to be sure your health is returning, to be sure Vitae-Ore is doing its work, to be sure that every word Theo. Noel says and every word we say in this advertisement about Vitae-Ore is true. We don't want a penny until you have watched it, until you have waited and are sure. If you like fair dealing, if you like a fair offer, if you are sick and need new health, read every word herein and then send us the coupon for a dollar package of Vitae-Ore on thirty days trial. You are to be the judge.

Vitae-Ore Makes Permanent Cures.

A Few Words From Theo. Noel, The Founder of Vitae-Ore and Pres. of Theo. Noel Company.

I have had a good many reasons to be proud of Vitae-Ore since I founded it and first offered it to the sick, over a quarter of a century ago. I have been proud principally, however, of the manner in which it has made PERMANENT CURES, for to my mind, permanency of cures counts above all else in medicine. Too many remedies depend upon giving relief only—too few really cure. And the reason is that they start at the top instead of the bottom. The walls of a structure may be ever so strong, the roof ever so tight, but there is no security, no permanency, if the FOUNDATION is not secure, or is too weak to bear the weight upon it, and there can be no permanent cure that is not built upon a solid foundation of renewed health in the entire body.

Cures with Vitae-Ore are like a house built on a rock, in their permanency, in their positiveness and in their completeness. First is created a structure of health in the blood, a substantial basis for all else to rest upon. Then the edifice is built naturally, stone after stone, day by day, nerve, tissue, muscle and ligaments are placed in a normal, healthy condition, the drains put in thorough working order, the parts cleansed, purified and healed, and the completed work is ready for the occupancy of permanent health The foundation is right, the work is right, and it lasts. Dosing stops—there is nothing to require it. Suffering ends—there is nothing to cause it.

I ask the sick to put Vitae-Ore to the test—it stands it. I gave left the decision to the men and women of the United States, and the verdict of the people has put Vitae-Ore in the front rank of curative medicines, with a record that shines with honor on every page. The true test of a medicine lies in the experience of people written months and years after the original use of the treatment, written when the cure has been with them a part of their lives, long enough to be a positive, real, proven, permanent and established fact. Vitae-Ore has thousands of such proven tests to its credit, many of which are quoted in my Vitae-Ore book and a few of which are given on this page. For Vitae-Ore has been before the public for a quarter of a century. It cured people upon its first introduction, it cured people every day, every month and every year thereafter, who remain cured today. It is curing people today who will be cured next year and ten years later.

Vitae-Ore strikes the disease at its root, builds from the bottom up, in a natural way, and the patient is cured to stay cured. Its cures are permanent and for this reason it itself is a permanent remedy, one that has come to stay, that is growing in popularity and sale from year to year. I am proud of my remedy Vitae-Ore, proud of the work it has done and is doing, proud of its great record of permanent cures. I challenge any proprietary medicine before the American public to produce an equal record or one half as good.

Theo. Noel

COUPON

Theo. Noel Co., Vitae-Ore Bldg., Chicago, Ills.

I have read your large advertisement in the TOLEDO BLADE and want you to send me a full-sized One Dollar package of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay $1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent by mail, postpaid:

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

Street or Rural Route _____

WE TAKE ALL OF THE RISK!

You cannot lose in using it, in giving it a chance. You cannot go wrong in trying it, in testing it for 30 days, in letting the experience of thousands guide you, because you don't pay a penny until it is proven, until you can say with gladness and gratitude "It is all right. It is the best thing I ever struck. It is an honest remedy." What risk do you run when we take positively and absolutely all the risk? How can you refuse when everything is in your favor, when it is all left to your judgment, when we must prove its value to you before we get a penny paid to us. When it does the work you will gladly pay for it. If it fails, we lose. You don't lose a cent. You have not one single, solitary penny at stake. But you stand to win a great deal that you want, a great deal that you are fighting for—health, strength, vigor and comfort—Yes, even Life. No one risks a single penny by trying Vitae-Ore for thirty days on our liberal trial plan, but thousands gain freedom from disease, from Stomach torture, from Kidney tyranny, from Bowel enslavement, from Heart-fear, from Rheumatic bonds. How can you refuse, when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, ready and waiting for you to turn and get it, is the thing that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking. Read our thirty day trial offer, and act immediately.

Read This Trial Offer

Just Say The Word and we will send you a full sized $1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for one month's continuous use. We want to send it to you on thirty days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it without any risk, just want the word from you telling us to send it to you. We are glad to send it to you in this way, for this is the way we sell Vitae-Ore to the sick. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all the chances. You don't risk a penny. All we ask is that you use Vitae-Ore for thirty days, see what it does for you and pay us $1.00 for it if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you positive, actual, visible good—benefit that you know and can feel. Otherwise we ask nothing, we want nothing and you pay nothing. Can you not spare a few moments to write OUR name and address on an envelope and YOUR name and address in the coupon, so we will know you want to try Vitae-Ore? Cannot you spare a few moments each day for thirty days to use it? That is all it takes. Cannot you spare this little time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness. You are to be the judge. We are perfectly willing to trust to your decision, to let everything rest with your honor and judgement, as to whether Vitae-Ore has earned its pay. Read what Vitae-Ore is, read how it brings a healing mineral spring to your door and send today for a $1.00 package on trial.

A MINERAL SPRING At Your Door

Since the beginning of time mineral springs have been utilized for their healing and restorative powers. The ancients knew their value and had favorite springs, to which they resorted when feeble in health. Although in our artificial civilization, man has gotten far away from nature and natural modes of healing, the medicinal value of mineral waters has always been recognized and they are depended upon as curatives when other means fail. Doctors do not deny their value, but voluntarily acknowledge it when their prescriptions fail to benefit, by sending patients to mineral springs. The curative forces found in mineral waters come from the natural mineral deposits through which the waters force their way and the mineral from such deposits, if oxidized by exposure to the air, would no doubt become soluble in water and make mineral waters of great power. The name Vitae-Ore means "Life Mineral" and the original Vitae-Ore, founded by Theo. Noel and first offered by him to the sick in the year 1880, came from a natural mineral deposit, possessing, when mixed with water, curative virtues of a high order. Vitae-Ore in its improved form is a combination of substances from which many well-noted mineral springs derive medicinal power and healing virtues. It consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. Each teaspoonful of the liquid made from Vitae-Ore, drunk in a half glass of ordinary drinking-water, makes a mineral water equaling in medicinal strength and healing value, many glasses of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs. Vitae-Ore is a mineral spring, condensed and concentrated, brought right to your door.

Cured of Bright's Disease 25 Years Ago.

BLUFFTON, IND.—I believe that I was among the very first to use Vitae-Ore when it was offered to the public. I got it fully twenty-five years ago. I had Bright's Disease and had spent several thousand dollars in trying to cure myself. I went to New York and Philadelphia and took treatment from the most eminent specialists. I visited all the springs of any note in the United States and finally came back to Chicago. I doctored with Dr. Abbott and Dr. Hollister and they gave me up. I knew I must die. I met Dr. Rodgers in the Palmer House at Chicago and he told me he could cure me with this Vitae-Ore, which he did. I have been examined by a dozen different Boards of Pension Examiners and they never found anything the matter with my kidneys. I am cured and well because of taking Vitae-Ore. WM. W. ANGEL.

Cured 15 Years Ago.

BAILEY'S SWITCH, KY.—About twenty years ago I was taken with a severe case of FLUX, which lasted some ten days, terminating in a Chronic Diarrhoea with Ulceration of the Lower Bowels. After trying everything I could get for five years, and spending a great deal of money, I saw the Vitae-Ore advertisement. I sent and procured $2.00 worth, which cured me sound and well. This was fifteen years ago and I still remain sound and well today. E. S. TROSPER.

Cured 12 Years Ago.

RUBY, MONT.—I had been pronounced incurable of Bright's Disease by three eminent physicians, when I commenced using Vitae-Ore. I weighed about 100 pounds, but in three months I weighed 145 pounds and was well and hearty. I have not had a trace of Kidney Trouble since, and it is twelve years since I used Vitae-Ore. I feel that I owe my life to it. W. H. NORCROSS.

Cured Dropsical Tumor 13 Years Ago.

CHICAGO, ILL.—I had a Dropsical Tumor for eleven years. My physicians gave it as their opinion that I must have an operation in order to save my life. I was treated in New York and also in Chicago, with no benefit. Vitae-Ore cured me. By its use the tumor drained off gradually from day to day. In two weeks it was much reduced in size and in one month I was completely relieved of the entire mass. I was able to walk, and my strength and vitality were fast returning. Vitae-Ore has saved my life. This was thirteen years ago and I have had no trouble since. MRS. S. A. BAKER, 872 N. Albany Ave.

Cured 10 Years Ago.

BOKCHITO, OKLA.—I had Constipation, Liver Trouble and also Kidney Trouble in the worst stage, with Chills and Heart Trouble so bad that when the spells would come on me I would smother and fall. I was treated by three doctors but they did me no good. My doctor bill was over $100. About ten years ago I was induced to try some Vitae-Ore. I had not taken three dollars' worth when I was well and doing all my work. I cannot praise Vitae-Ore enough, for it saved my life ten years ago and I have ever since kept it in my house. MARY B. WALL.

Cured 6 Years Ago.

ST. PAUL, IND.—When I first heard of Vitae-Ore my wife was able to sit up only a little at a time and could not take a bit of food. Her intense suffering was relieved only by opiates. Her troubles were Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble combined. The doctor plainly told me she could not be cured. She had fallen off from 170 to 125 pounds, and we thought she could not live another month. I sent for a package of Vitae-Ore and she began its use. In eight days the misery had disappeared and the Kidneys were in a better condition. Soon she was able to do her own housework and gained in flesh and strength from week to week. It was wonderful, the work Vitae-Ore did for her. It is now six years and Mrs. Downey has had no doctor in all that time. She is strong and hearty for one of herage, which is 60 years, and now weighs 138 pounds. A. F. DOWNEY.

Cured 12 Years Ago.

BELLS, TEXAS.—I tried Vitae-Ore twelve or fifteen years ago for Eczema on my head and it made a permanent cure when all other medicines had failed, and it has never come back. MRS. BESSIE MAULDIN.

USE VITAE-ORE FOR Rheumatism and Lumbago, Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, LaGrippe, Anaemia, Piles, Sores and Ulcers, Bowel Troubles, Impure Blood and all Worn-Out, Debilitated Conditions. Thousands have used it for these ailments and publicly testified to its worth and efficacy.

Mail The Coupon To Us Today!

Don't Delay Any Longer!

Health is so important to your happiness, success and enjoyment of life and its duties that if you are in any way sick or ailing you should not delay a day nor an hour but should begin proper treatment immediately, before the trouble has a chance to become permanently settled in any of the vital organs, to spread to other parts, or to become aggravated in its developments If you don't feel right, if there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your sleep, your digestion, your blood, your nerves and your vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day, when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a word to start to start you on the treatment which has won International reputation by the work it has done. The cures Vitae-Ore has made prove the good work it does in checking disease and repairing its ravages, a work that every sick person should turn to for help. Do not continue suffering. Send the coupon today for a $1.00 package on thirty days trial. ADDRESS US AS FOLLOWS:

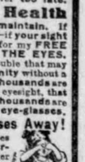
THEO. NOEL CO., T. B. Dept. Vitae-Ore Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

Struck Blind!

Can you realize what it means? And do you know that you can avoid the terrible consequence of neglected Weak, Smarting, Sore, Aching, Irritated, Inflamed, Watery, Diseased Eyes? If your eyes are diseased—or failing you, for any reason—begin treatment NOW, before it is forever too late.

Perfect Eye Health is easy to attain, and maintain. If your eyes trouble you—if your sight is failing—write today for my FREE BOOK on CARE OF THE EYES. Do not neglect eye trouble that may result in an awful calamity without a moment's warning. Thousands are suffering from impaired eyesight, that can be restored. Many thousands are unnecessarily wearing eye-glasses.

Throw Your Glasses Away! The majority of such cases can be restored to perfect eye health under proper treatment—for, if not hereditary, or caused at birth, the imperfect eyesight can be remedied by gentle, scientific, medicated massage. My



FREE BOOK tells about my simple and inexpensive home treatment. Write for it, and you will receive details of a Special Offer of Three Months Trial Treatment FREE to every purchaser of the Natural Sight Restorer. Address G. C. McVOY, M. D., 101 Broadway, DETROIT, MICH.

Gains 30 Pounds in 30 Days

Remarkable Result of the New Flesh-Builder Protone, in Many Cases of Run-Down Men and Women.

Any Man or Woman Who Is Thin Can Recover Normal Weight.

Prove It Yourself By Sending Coupon Below For a Free 50c Package.

Protone is a powerful inducer of nutrition, increases cell-growth, makes perfect the assimilation of food, increases the number of blood-corpuscles, and as a necessary result builds up muscles and solid, healthy flesh, and rounds out the figure.

"It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition.

"I have put on just 30 pounds during the last month and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

For women who can never appear stylish in anything they wear because of their thinness, this remarkable treatment may prove a revelation. It is a beauty maker as well as a form builder and nerve strengthener.

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. It is absolutely non-injurious to the most delicate system.

FREE PROTONE COUPON.

The Protone Co., 2502 Protone Bldg., Detroit Mich.

I want to put on more flesh and as an evidence of good faith I enclose 10 cents in stamps (or silver) to help cover postage and packing on a free 50c package of your remarkable, scientific discovery, Protone, all charges prepaid, together with your free book telling me why I am thin.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

FREE—Your fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets a free reading. Can astonish you. MADAM IRENE, 115 Second Street, Kewanee, Ills.

UNCLE SAM IS FLUSH

Taft and Cabinet Much Pleased Over Finances.

Washington, April 2.—President Taft and his cabinet are very much pleased over the condition of the government finances, the receipts from customs and from internal revenue both promising to reach and even exceed the estimates for the current fiscal year.

The monthly treasury statements issued yesterday show that the customs receipts for March, $33,722,689, were the largest by about $4,000,000 for any month since the new tariff law went into effect, while the internal revenue receipts thus far during 1910 have been $15,000,000 more than during the corresponding period of 1909.

There was an excess of $8,554,440 of ordinary receipts over ordinary disbursements during March, in consequence of which the deficit for 1910 now is only $16,050,310 as against $68,470,595 to the corresponding date last year. The treasury working balance yesterday was $29,867,500, the largest it has been for some time.

$75,000 PERRY MEMORIAL

Senate Passes Bill Approximating That Amount.

Columbus, April 1.—The Perry's victory centennial commission will have to be satisfied with an appropriation of $75,000 with which to carry it through the building of a memorial to Commodore Perry and other expenses.

The senate yesterday afternoon passed the Ritter bill providing for an expenditure of $150,000, but this was cut in half.

Of the $75,000 allowed, but $30,000 will be available this year and $5,000 of that amount will go toward the expenses of the commission. With the balance the commission can begin upon the construction of a memorial, and if everything goes well, this structure will be completed when the time comes for the celebration.

However, as the bill was amended in the senate, it will have to go back to the lower branch for concurrence.

AIRSHIPS READY FOR WAR

Germany and France Have Many Dirigibles in Commission.

Berlin, April 4.—Statistics of European airship fleets furnished to the state department at Washington by Consul Carl Bailey Hurst, of Plausen, Germany, show that Germany possesses 14 dirigibles of six different models, namely, Gross, Zeppelin, Parseval, Schuette, Siemens-Schuckert and the Rhine-Westphalian airship, and five aeroplanes.

France has seven dirigibles and 29 aeroplanes; Italy, three dirigibles and seven aeroplanes; Russia, three dirigibles and six aeroplanes; Austria, two dirigibles and four aeroplanes; England, two dirigibles and two aeroplanes; Spain, one dirigible and three aeroplanes.

Altogether, he reports, European nations have 32 dirigible balloons and 56 aeroplanes available for warfare.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that have cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and vitality quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3368 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

ROOSEVELT IS ANGRY

After Bitter Attack by Methodist Minister He Cancels Reception Plans.

Rome, April 5. — Theodore Roosevelt has canceled all plans for a reception to Americans in Rome. Angry at the bitter attack upon the Catholic church made by Rev. Mr. Tipple, pastor of the American Methodist church, he has refused to hold any formal relations with his fellow-countrymen in the Italian capital. He refuses to do anything that might have the appearance of lending support to the bitter anti-Catholic attitude of the American Methodists, whose propaganda here led to his break with the vatican.

Mr. Leishman, the American ambassador, had arranged the reception at the American embassy in order that Mr. Roosevelt might meet the Americans in Rome, regardless of their religious faith, upon the neutral ground of the embassy. The appearance, however, of Mr. Tipple's statement displeased many American Catholics, who forthwith manifested an intention of abandoning their purpose to attend the reception if the Methodists of the organization represented by Mr. Tipple were to be present. The matter was carried to Mr. Roosevelt, who after hearing both sides promptly asked Mr. Leishman to cancel the whole affair.

Rev. Mr. Tipple's Attack.

Rev. B. M. Tipple, pastor of the American Methodist church in Rome, after being received yesterday by Mr. Roosevelt, issued a statement expressing the greatest satisfaction that the ex-president did not have an audience with the pope.

"While the work of Methodism in Rome," says the statement, "started the rumpus, it is no longer Methodism or any other ism, but the great principle of toleration. Mr. Roosevelt has struck a blow for twentieth century Christianity.

"The representatives of two great republics have been the ones to put the vatican where it belongs. President Loubet refused to accede to vatican conditions and now Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Roosevelt come to maintain the dignity and independence of American manhood in face of vatican tyranny.

"The vatican is incompatible with republican principles. This is a bitter dose for patriotic Catholics in America to swallow. I wonder how many doses of this sort they will take before they revolt. Is Catholicism in America to be American or Romish? If Romish, then every patriotic American should rise to crush it, for Roman Catholicism is the uncompromising foe of freedom.

"After the Fairbanks episode the Methodists never dreamed that the vatican would commit a similar blunder with Mr. Roosevelt. That it has done so is added proof that the policy prevailing there is the same yesterday, today and forever. The vatican is the vatican. The world advances, but the vatican never."

Doesn't Want Controversy.

When the above statement was shown Mr. Roosevelt he said:

"I had made no arrangements to speak at any church or clerical organization in Rome. I have received a number of gentlemen of all religious faiths who have called at my rooms or at the American embassy. Under the circumstances I have requested the American ambassador not to hold the reception which he had intended to hold Wednesday afternoon. As regards all efforts by whomsoever made to bring about and inflame religious animosities because of what has occurred in connection with the vatican and myself, I can do no more than to refer to the emphatic statements contained in my open letter to Dr. Lyman Abbott, already published. All that I there said I desire to reiterate with my whole power."

The sensation caused by the determination of Mr. Roosevelt not to be received by the pope upon the terms made by Cardinal Merry del Val continues unabated. The press today is filled with columns on the subject. The papers of all shades of political opinion, with the exception of the clerical organs, support Mr. Roosevelt's attitude. Some of the violent anti-clerical sheets intimate that the affair may result in the downfall of the papal secretary. These papers apparently are trying to arouse a great anti-clerical demonstration to be made at the railway station when Mr. Roosevelt leaves the city on Wednesday night. None of these partisan movements has the sympathy of Mr. Roosevelt, who is exceedingly put out that a personal incident should have incited an exhibition of that very religious hostility which he so greatly deprecates.

KING GIVES BRILLIANT DINNER FOR ROOSEVELT

Rome, April 5.—Theodore Roosevelt last night was the guest of honor at a brilliant grand dinner at the palace given by the king and queen in honor of Colonel Roosevelt and his family. Great preparations have been going on for this event, and the queen herself directed all the arrangements, desiring that no detail should be neglected.

The ex-president and his party arrived at the entrance of the Quirinal palace at 8 p. m., where the door of his carriage was opened by the imposing figure of the royal doorkeeper, magnificent in scarlet livery, with sword and baton and cocked hat, seemingly right out of the middle ages. At the foot of the grand staircase Count Tozzoni and Duke Cito, masters of ceremonies, and Count Guicciardini, gentleman-in-waiting to Queen Helena and a relative of the minister of foreign affairs, met the party and escorted them up the steps, which were decorated with palms and flowering shrubs.

In the great hall of the Swiss they were received by Count Gianotti, prefect of the palace, whose wife was Miss Kinny, of New York, and by Countess Guicciardini, lady-in-waiting to the queen, who took them through the great ballroom into a reception room hung with priceless tapestries, where they were greeted by the sovereigns, surrounded by their military and civil households.

After a short conversation all the guests, who included the American ambassador and Mrs. Leishman and the staff of the embassy, adjourned to the private dining room of the king, a spacious hall hung with modern tapestry and decorated with immense plants and flowers. The dinner was enlivened by the military band in the gardens below.

The queen had at her right Colonel Roosevelt, then Princess Helena, of Servia, Major J. F. Landis, military attache of the embassy, Countess Guicciardini, John W. Garrett, first secretary, Princess Paterno, Kermit Roosevelt and Count Tozzoni. At her left sat Ambassador Leishman, Princess Vera of Montenegro, Commander Andrew T. Long, naval attache, the Duchess Graziole, C. C. Wilson, second secretary, and Count Guicciardini.

At the right of the king sat Mrs. Roosevelt, the Marquis Di San Giuliano, the foreign minister, Mrs. Landis, General Brusati, Miss Ethel Roosevelt, Count Brambilla and Duke Cito, commander of the royal cuirassiers. At the left of His Majesty were Mrs. Leishman, Count Gianotti, Mrs. Garrett, Count Mattioli, Minister of the royal household, and Princess Vivaro.

King Victor Emmanuel called upon Mr. Roosevelt at the latter's hotel, the Beau Site, this morning. Some time was spent in an animated conversation that was, it could be seen, mutually agreeable. Following the chat, the king and Mr. Roosevelt entered the motor car in which his majesty had driven to the hotel and a visit was paid to the barracks of the cuirassiers, the royal body guard. The cuirassiers executed a series of maneuvers for the benefit of the former president, who was much pleased. He said he had never seen a finer body of mounted men.

From the barracks the king and his guest motored to the monument, in course of construction, to Victor Emmanuel II. Leaving the car, the two climbed to the top of the colossal structure upon which $10,000,000 had been expended thus far. From the crown of the monument they had a magnificent view of the ancient city. As they drove back to the hotel, both his majesty and the distinguished American were acclaimed by the populace.

Mr. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, Kermit and Miss Ethel had luncheon as the guests of John Gardner Coolidge, of Boston, formerly American minister to Nicaragua. This afternoon the Roosevelts made a sightseeing automobile trip with Professor Jesse B. Carter, director of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome.

GOVERNMENT HAS VOTES

House of Commons Rejects Amendment on Veto Power.

London, April 5.—Under Premier Asquith's guillotine procedure the house of commons last night rejected, by a vote of 357 to 251, the opposition amendment to the premier's resolution on the veto power of the house of lords, which was moved by Sir Robert Finlay, and agreed that the premier's motion should go to committee without division. The announcement of the figures, showing that the government was sure of a majority of 106 for the veto resolutions was greeted with prolonged ministerial cheers.

RED SOCKS STOP TRAIN

Railroad Tower Operator Had Feet Out of Window.

Massillon, April 2.—Visions of mangled passengers piled up in the wreckage of his train sent a sharp thrill of dismay to the heart of the engineer of train No. 23, the Chicago limited, on the Pennsylvania here today.

From the window of the tower on the outskirts of the city there hung a danger signal of red. Clamping down the brakes and closing the throttle, the engineer made the wheels grate with a sudden jolt, stopping his train just before the tower. He had done his duty. There would be no wreck. Looking up to the tower window to learn the cause of the signal, the engineer beheld a pair of red socks. The socks were full of feet, the pedal extremities of Emmet Mizer, the operator. Mizer had seated himself at the window to cool off, incidentally sticking his feet with the emblazoned hosiery out in the open air to catch the breeze.

"Keep your feet inside or change your socks," cried the angry engineer as he proceeded with his train.

DIES PLAYING DEAD MARCH

Musician Arises From Sick Bed to Die at Friend's Funeral.

Evansville, Ind., April 2.—Despite the protest of his wife, Jason Debar, a tuba player, 64 years old, who had been ill, insisted today upon rising from his bed to play in the band that the Musicians' union had organized in honor of the funeral of a fellow-musician, Jacob Bauer.

Debar and Bauer had been life-long friends. In funeral processions and at public festivals for years they had marched and played together.

"Miss playing the funeral march for the man that was a brother to me?" exclaimed Debar to his wife.

"Not if I fall in my tracks."

The wife helped him on with his uniform. He hooked the strap of his big tuba over his shoulders and walked, rather shakily, to the place of formation of the funeral cortege.

Before the procession had gone two blocks, Debar blowing vigorously into his tuba, dropped dead in front of the hearse.

HARMON CLOSE TO BRYAN

Democratic Editorss Vote for Presidential Candidate.

Chicago, April 4.—Editors of Democratic newspapers have expressed their preferences for a presidential nominee in a poll taken by the Chicago Tribune. Summarized the result is:

West—Bryan, 367; Harmon 342; Roosevelt, 121; Folk, 86; Marshall, 81; Clark, 42; Gaynor, 12; LaFollette, 22; Taft, 5; Hughes, 2; Scattering, 61.

East—Bryan, 51; Harmon, 72; Roosevelt, 38; Folk, 7; Marshall, 0; Clark, 2; Gaynor, 27; LaFollette, 5; Taft, 19; Hughes, 16; Scattering, 36.

Total—Bryan, 418; Harmon, 414; Roosevelt, 159; Folk, 93; Marshall, 81; Clark, 44; Gaynor, 39; LaFollette, 27; Taft, 24; Hughes, 18; Scattering, 97.

FAIRBANKS' ADVICE.

C. W. Fairbanks, in his address to the Methodists in Rome after his proposed audience with the pope had been cancelled, said:

"All Christian churches are worthy of support. They above all should be inspired by a generous, tolerant spirit toward each other. Nothing is more unseemly than the narrow jealousies which they occasionally manifest toward each other. There is room for all. Cease the narrow denominational wars and direct your energies toward the common enemy. Let the Catholics and the Protestants of all denominations vie in carrying forward the work of the Master, which is worthy of the best in them all."

Better Health

A Pleasing Sense of Health and Strength Renewed and of Ease and Comfort

follows the use of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, as it acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, when constipated, or bilious, and dispels colds and headaches.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

MICHIGAN DRYS GAIN

Carry 18 Counties Out of the 36 Voting Yesterday.

ADRIAN VOTES DRY.

Adrian, Mich., April 5.—Local option will carry in Lenawee county by a big majority. With but five precincts to hear from out of 36, the estimated majority for the drys is 1,700. Adrian city, estimated to go wet by several hundred, polled a dry majority of 25 out of 2,713 votes. Townships claimed by the wets surprised all by going dry by good majorities, and it is estimated the total majority for the county will be around the 2,000 mark.

Detroit, April 5.—Thirty-six counties in Michigan voted Monday on the local option proposition. In 18 of these the drys won. In 13 the wets won. From the other three no returns have been received, but all three are very small counties. These figures would indicate that the drys had the better of the argument, but figuring on the number of saloons which will be put out of business as a result of the day's balloting, and the drys were very badly beaten.

In the 18 counties which were carried by the drys, but 272 saloons and six breweries are in operation, while in the 13 which voted wet, 875 saloons and nine breweries do business, and will probably continue to do so for two years more at least. Lenawee, Ingham, Cass, Lapeer, Shiawassee and St. Joseph were the only populous counties not already dry which voted to abolish the licensed saloon, while in the wet list are the large counties of Kent, Oakland, Marquette and St. Clair.

Not a single bit of consolation do the drys gain in the upper peninsula, every one of the eight counties north of the straits which voted on the proposition deciding by comfortable majorities to remain in the wet colmn. Ten counties which were already dry voted, and eight of these stayed dry. The two which flopped back, however, are large ones, Oakland and Wexford. Twenty-six counties now wet voted, and 13 of these stay wet.

In Kent county, where the drys had concentrated their forces the closing days of the campaign, they sustained a crushing defeat. In the city of Grand Rapids the wet majority will crowd the 7,000 mark, while the country districts increased this slightly. St. Clair county was another place where the wets rubbed it into their opponents, winning by a majority of 1,500, the city of Port Huron piling up a majority that made it safe for the wets.

The larger cities that voted dry were Adrian, Lansing and Owosso.

Michigan City Elections.

Detroit, April 5. — Party lines cut little figure in yesterday's municipal elections in Michigan. While the party designations were used on the tickets in most instances, it was principally for convenience, the contests being fought out on issues of local importance. In those cities located in counties where the prohibition question was being voted upon, the municipal election results hinged largely upon the wet and dry issue. At Grand Rapids, the second city of the state, Mayor George E. Ellis was elected for a third term, defeating David E. Uhl, Democrat, and Ate Dykstra, who ran on an independent ticket with the idea of cutting Ellis' strength. In Adrian David L. Treat (Dem.) was elected mayor; in Monroe Jacob Martin (Dem.) was elected; in Hudson, William E. Kiester (Citizens'); in Coldwater, A. A. Sherman (Dem.)

Chicago Fights for Reform.

Chicago, April 5.—The polls opened at 6 today for what was looked upon as one of the most important aldermanic election, in Chicago's history. Reform organizations put forth efforts to defeat alleged "gray wolves" because the next council probably will have to decide upon several great municipal undertakings. Among these are regulation of the prices of gas and telephone service and construction of a passenger subway.

The saloon question was not put before the voters in Chicago, the project to have it placed on the ballot having been knocked out on the ground that the petition did not have enough signatures. More than 200 cities and towns in Illinois, however, were called upon to vote on local option.

Wisconsin Cities Vote.

Milwaukee, April 5.—Municipal elections are being held throughout Wisconsin today. In many places the "wet" or "dry" issue is before the people. In Milwaukee a three-cornered contest for mayor is being waged, all three parties standing for practically the same platform—home rule, initiative, referendum and regulation of the liquor traffic. Dr. John M. Beffel is the Republican candidate for mayor; Vincenz J. Shoemaker, Jr., heads the Democratic ticket, and Emil Seidel leads the Social-Democrats. In addition to mayor, a common council, a circuit judge and seven civil judges are being balloted for.

Kansas City Election.

Kansas City, Mo., April 5.—Kansas City today is voting for a full set of municipal officers, from mayor down. The heads of the two leading tickets are: Judge Andrew F. Evans, Democrat; Darius R. Brown, Republican. In Kansas City, Kan., the people are voting for officers to make up their first commission form of government. One mayor-commissioner and four commissioners will be selected. Elections are also being held in Topeka, Hutchinson, Parsons, Coffeyville and several other towns in Kansas.

CANNOT BE CENSOR

Head of Western Union Issues Statement on Bucketshops.

New York, April 5.—Intimations from Washington that the federal government is keenly interested in the leased wire contracts under which some of the companies indicted in Washington for running bucketshops are said to have paid the Western Union Telegraph Co., $100,000 a year each brought forth a statement last night from Belvedere Brooks, vice president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., and the new general manager of the Western Union. Mr. Brooks said: "Telegraph companies are required to render service to the public without discrimination, and cannot and should not be permitted to inquire into the character of the message or its purpose. Neither the courts nor the public would for an instant permit a telegraph company to act as censor."

PERU READY FOR WAR

Army and Navy Prepared to Advance Against Ecuador.

Lima, April 5.—The forces of Peru are under arms waiting eventualities with Ecuador. Admiral Villavicencia has been placed in command of the fleet, and Colonel Alvarez put at the head of all the land forces in the department of Lambayeque. The full fighting strength is prepared to advance at a moment's notice.

STOCKS FIRMLY HELD

Consequently Market Withstood Bearish Pressure.

Henry Clews in his New York letter on market conditions, says:

The month of April opened with the stock market hesitating and depressed. Prices underwent a further reaction, and had it not been that stocks were generally in strong hands the decline might have been still more marked. Nevertheless, the big holders had somewhat lightened their burdens and were indisposed to re-enter the market as buyers until concessions of importance could be obtained. It must be admitted that current developments were temporarily of an unfavorable nature. The advancing tendency in money was adverse to stocks. In London the stringency was particularly noticeable, the situation there being aggravated by the British budget difficulties. The quarterly and fortnightly settlements in London occurred this week; added to which the government was obliged to meet unusual financial obligations. This imposed a severe monetary strain upon London, the high rates for money there necessitating gold exports from New York. This movement would have begun some time ago had it not been that our adverse trade balance had been partly offset by liberal European takings of our investments estimated at about $200,000,000. The foreign demand for our securities, however, has suddenly subsided; and the adverse trade balance it is feared will continue until the new crops are available. Another depressing factor has been a sudden rush to market new securities in unexpectedly large volume. The railroads continue in need of immense sums to keep facilities equal to demands, and a desire to take advantage of the first opportunity the market afforded has been accelerated by fear of federal restrictions upon the issue of new securities. The new issues have been readily underwritten, but have not yet found successful placement with investors. Low rate bonds, moreover, are adversely affected by the better rates demanded for money, and the necessity of investors securing as large returns as possible in order to meet the increased cost of living. One more element of weakness has been the labor situation. The railroads generally have made liberal concessions to their employes, which will materially increase working expenses. How far this will affect net results cannot yet be determined; but railroad managers depend for compensation through an increase of traffic, as well as some advances in rates. Railroad earnings, it is encouraging to note, are already making very satisfactory gains compared with a year ago, and the expectations of traffic managers are for a heavy business next autumn, if not before.

The iron trade, which is still our chief industry, is in good condition. There activity prevails and prices are not unreasonably high. Moreover, many orders are held back, partly because of the difficulty which the railroads are having in adequately financing their requirements and partly because some buyers are holding off in the hope of obtaining concessions. So far as this branch of industry is concerned, there is every prospect of continued activity for months to come, especially as soon as easier money enables railroads to buy more freely. The textile trade is suffering somewhat from high prices, which has checked consumption and made buyers timid, causing more or less difficulty in the readjustment between high prices for raw material and selling prices for the finished product.

As to the future, the present period of depression cannot last. Prices receded owing to the temporary condition of the money market, the congestion in bonds and the disturbed political situation, but these conditions continue sound, and when it is shown that the earning powers of our great railroad systems and industries are not impaired confidence will return, and the securities of well established properties will be once more in demand and must recover from the present reaction. Such a recovery cannot be very far distant, and should come as soon as easier money is in prospect.

RENEW NEGOTIATIONS FOR MINE RESUMPTION

Indianapolis, Ind., April 2.—Operators and miners in the bituminous coal fields of the United States began with renewed activity today their negotiations looking to signing a new two-year wage contract that will bring a resumption of work in the mines.

Joint conferences have been appointed for next week in the districts of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Western Pennsylvania and the southwest.

Debate in Illinois, Central Pennsylvania and the southwest probably will be prolonged, but in the other districts the miners expect their demands will be granted with little delay.

Thomas L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers' was expected to return today to this city from his visit to the Illinois mining centers. He is to leave here tonight to confer with the miners' district officials in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

EARLY SETTLEMENT IN OHIO IS PREDICTED

Canton, April 2.—D. H. Sullivan, head of the Ohio miners' organization, arrived in Canton yesterday to take up the grievances of the miners. He attended the convention of subdistrict No. 5 today.

"I am confident that the miners in Ohio will be at work in a few days, as I am familiar with the sentiments of the operators," he said. "Most of them will grant the advance. As soon as the operators sign the scale the miners will go back to work. Then the local questions will be taken up in subdistrict joint conference between the operators and workers.

"I have received several letters from mine operators in Ohio, and I have no doubt a satisfactory arrangement will be made in the next few days."

Mr. Sullivan today conferred with W. D. Ratchford, representative of the Coal Operators' association of the district. Mr. Ratchford, who is commissioner for the Eastern Ohio Operators' association, which mines a third of Ohio's coal, says all members of the association stand ready to meet the miners' terms and that there will be no strike.

IRON AND STEEL MILLS HAVE COAL SUPPLY

Pittsburg, April 2.—According to reliable authority, the iron and steel industry is proof against serious disturbance from the suspension of coal mining in the central competitive districts as it has accumulated some stock, depends largely upon non-union districts, and has the Connellsville field to fall back on in a pinch. The report that tube production might be curtailed also probably has no foundation in fact.

The Pittsburg Coal Operators' association, in its meeting with President Francis Feehan, of District 5, United Mine Workers of America, is reported today to have stated flatly that it will resist any increase in the cost of mining, but will grant the miners the demanded 5.55 per cent wage increase at once.

It is also reported that the operators have tentatively agreed to furnish the new explosives in mines where it is required at the same cost as black powder, but will not agree to a run of mine basis. A formal joint wage scale conference has been called for Monday.

Throughout the Pittsburg district reports are rapidly coming in of voluntary wage increases to non-union and union miners on the part of independent operators.

BRITISH LINER IS WRECKED

All on Board Reach Shore in Safety.

Perth, March 31.—The big British liner Pericles was wrecked six miles south of Cape Leeuwin, the southwest point of Australia, today. The passengers and crew took to the small boats and all were landed safely at Cape Leeuwin. Soon after being abandoned the steamer disappeared beneath the waves.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Tuesday, March 29.—Senate.—Senator Chamberlain spoke in support of a bill providing for the withdrawal from entry of the public lands of the country. When the senate adjourned early in the day out of respect to the memory of the late Justice Brewer, Mr. Bailey suggested that such an adjournment established an awkward precedent.

House.—The house gave full authority to committee to investigate all charges concerning the existence of a lobby to influence ship subsidy legislation. Mr. Fowler, in an extended speech, defended his plans for currency reform and spoke vigorously against the establishment of a central bank or of postal savings banks. Mr. Martin, of Colorado, suggested that the attorney general in his denial that he had acted as counsel for the sugar trust had not informed the country of the amount of the fee paid to his partner, who acted in that capacity, and whether he had participated in that fee. The failure of the attorney general to enforce more fully the Sherman anti-trust law was the subject of remarks by Mr. Martin, of South Dakota, while the improvement of the Mississippi river was discussed by Mr. Thistlewood, of Illinois.

Wednesday, March 30.—Senate.—After an ineffectual effort to pass the house bill amending the employers' liability law, the senate resumed consideration of the administration railroad bill. Senator Root supported the railroad bill in a speech lasting two hours. He devoted himself exclusively to the commerce court provisions of the bill and will take up other features of the measure tomorrow.

House.—In the house a decisive vote was cast against the Hobson bill to appropriate one-twentieths of 1 per cent of appropriations for armament for the purpose of promoting peace. Democrats and Republicans alike joined in defeating the measure on the ground that the method it proposed was not a proper one for the promotion of arbitration and universal peace.

Thursday, March 31.—Senate—Senator Root continued, but did not conclude his speech on the administration railroad bill in the senate today. He defended the merger and traffic agreements provisions of the measure. There was further discussion of the proposed amendment of the Cummins employers' liability law, but the senate took no action upon it.

House—The naval appropriation bill pending in the house, offered an opportunity to members to discuss various subjects. Mr. Sherley, of Kentucky, explained at considerable length his resolution to permit a majority of the house to bring before it at any time a bill which might be pending in a committee. Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee, and Mr. Mr. Gregg, of Texas, minority members of the house naval committee, each delivered a speech in favor of a one battle ship a year policy. Objection being made to an increase by the senate to the extent of $25,000 of the appropriation under which the state department may encourage trade relations, the diplomatic bill was sent back to conference by the house after all amendments except that one had been agreed to.

Friday, April 1.—Senate—Senator Root today concluded his speech in the senate in support of the administration railroad bill and the further consideration of that measure was postponed until Monday. The senate passed the bill amending the employers liability law in respect to the jurisdiction of state courts in railroad damage suits. The liability bill now will go to conference.

House—The publicity feature of the corporation tax law was under discussion during the entire session or the house today. The senate had provided, in an amendment to the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, for publicity of corporation reports upon approval of the President alone under regulations to be formulated by the secretary of the treasury. After the bill had been completed Representative Fitzgerald, of New York, attempted to recommit it with instructions for further publicity with an amendment repealing the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. By a strict party vote, 150 to 116, Senator Cannon's ruling that this motion was out of order was sustained.

Saturday, April 2.—Senate — Eulogies formed the chief feature of the proceedings of the senate and house today. In the senate the life and character of Senator Money, of Mississippi, and of Senator Johnson, of North Dakota, were subjects of numerous remarks.

House—In the house the session was largely devoted to paying tributes of respect to the memory of the late Representative Cushman, of Washington. The naval appropriation bill was under consideration during the first two hours of the session, and the reading of the measure for amendments was begun. The house will be in session tomorrow, when eulogies will be delivered in honor of the memory of the late Representative Perkins, of New York.

Monday, April 4.—Senate—Senator Elkins attempted, but without success, to get unanimous consent for a vote on the administration railroad bill next Saturday. This effort came at the close of a speech by Senator Crawford, who advocated amendments to the court of commerce provision. A bill was passed permitting the Phillipine government to increase its indebtedness to a limit of $10,000,000 for the promotion of public improvements.

House—The railroad bill was made a privileged measure whenever it comes up for consideration in the house by the terms of a resolution offered by Mr. Mann, chairman of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce, and adopted by a two-thirds vote. Mr. Mann announced that he would endeavor to place the railroad bill before the house as soon as the pending naval bill has been disposed of. The house passed a bill that increased from $2,000 to $5,000 the amount of money that must be involved in a suit to entitle its removal from a state to a federal court. The naval bill again was before the house for consideration.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, April 5.—Receipts of hogs today were very light and the market after opening steady closed 5c lower. Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves were steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected nearbys, $11.00; good mediums, $10.95@11.00; heavy yorkers, $10.90@10.95; light yorkers, $11; pigs $10.50@10.80; good mixed, $10.90@11.00; good pigs, $10.50@10.75; bulk of sales, $10.90@10.95; stags and roughs, $8.00@9.85.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $7.50@7.75; good to choice, $7.25@7.50; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200, $7.25@7.50; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $7@7.25; common and light steers, $6@6.50; choice cows, $5.50@5.75; fair to good cows, $5.00@5.25; common cows, $3.00@4.50; canners and cutters, $2.50@3.00; prime export bulls, $5.75@6.00; good butcher bulls, $5.00@5.50; fair to good bologna bulls, $4.50@5.00; common, $4.00@4.50; choice to prime heifers, $5.15@6.50; fair to good heifers, $5.00@5.50; common and light heifers, $4.50@5.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@5.00; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.50; milkers and springers, $25.00@65.00.

Sheep and Lambs—(Quotations on clipped stock)—Prime wethers, $6.50@7.50; good to choice mixed, $6.50@6.60; culls and common, $3.00@4.00; lambs, clipped, $8.00@8.50; yearlings, $7.00@8.00; spring lambs, $9.00@11.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $8.00; fair to good, $8.00@8.50; common to light, $7.00@7.50; heavy and paii fed, $4.00@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo N. Y., April 5.—Cattle 5 cars, slow. Hogs 8 cars, steady; heavy $11.15@11.25; yorkers, $11.1w@11.20; pigs $10.80@10.90. Sheep 10 cars, slow. Wool lambs, $9.90; clipped, $8.75@8.90; yearlings, $8.70@9.25; wethers, $8.00@8.50; ewes, $7.00@7.50. Calves, $5.00@9.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 5.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 3,500, market weak, beeves $5.65 @ 8.60. Texas steers, $5.00 @ 6.40; Western steers, $5.00@6.90; stockers and feeders, $3.90@6.60; cows and heifers, $2.80@7.10; calves, $7.50@9.00. Hogs, receipts estimated at 12,000, market 5 to 10c lower, light $10.35@10.70, mixed $10.50@10.80; heavy $10.55@10.82½; rough $10.55@10.65; good to choice heavy $10.65@10.82½, pigs $9.50 @10.50; bulk of sales, $10.60@10.75. Sheep, receipts estimated at 12,000, market 10c lower, native, $5.75@8.60 western $5.40@8.60; yearlings $7.75@8.90 lambs, native $8.25@9.90; western $8.75@9.90.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, April 5.—(By Bower & Bower) —Hog receipts 20 cars, lower; yorkers, $11 mediums $10.90; pigs, $10.60; lambs, $8.50; calves, $8.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, April 5.—Cattle steady, hogs light 15 cents lower, active; heavy $11.10; mixed $11.05@11.10; mediums, $11@11.05; yorkers, $11; lights $10.80@10.90; pigs $10.60@10.80. Sheep 10 cents lower, $6.90 down; lambs, $8.75. Calves, $6.00; 50 cents lower. $8.50.

Money and Stocks.

New York, April 5.—(Wall Street)—Higher on London exchanges led to the opening advance in stocks here today which run to a point in Union Pacific and to 5-8 in Atchison. Only a handful of stocks was dealt in, and small blocks were all that appeared on the tape.

There was a fair distribution of buying orders, which raised most of the standard stocks materially. Union Pacific advanced 1⅜, United States Steel and American Smelting 1¼ and St. Paul, Reading, Atchison, Canadian Pacific, New York Central, Amalgamated Copper and Utah Copper 1. Some of the minor stocks were weak. New York, Chicago and St. Louis and International Pump preferred lost 2 points and Minneapolis and St. Louis and Chicago and Alton 1. Profit-taking caused a fractional reaction later.

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